

THE
ENGLISHMAN'S FORTNIGHT,
IN
P A R I S;
OR,
THE ART OF RUINING HIMSELF
THERE IN A FEW DAYS.

BY AN OBSERVER.

Quaque ipse miserrima vidi. VIRG.

Translated from the FRENCH.

D U B L I N :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very singular methods which were tried by some people well known in this country, to suppress the original of this little piece at Paris, clearly prove the use it may be of to our young Gentlemen, and the English Editor thinks himself happy in having it in his power to cooperate with the Author in his good intentions.

It is seen by the books of the Lieutenant of the Police in Paris, that there are three thousand English travellers in that capital, and we should be

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glad to think that the moderate estimate of one hundred a year for the expences of each of them, making a sum of three hundred thousand pounds spent there, and lost to this Country, was the worst consequence. But alas! these excursions not only prove ruinous to many individuals who become dupes to the Knights of Industry, assembled from all quarters at Paris, but help to corrupt the manners and morals of those who remain at home by the introduction of many pernicious enervating luxuries.

Our Female COTERIES, our SAVOIRVIVRE, and other clubs, that have reduced gaming to
a sys-

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a system, cannot fail to bring this nation to destruction ; for what posterity can be expected from a Generation of Gamb-
lers, but a nation of Dunces.

P R E-

P R E F A C E.

THERE was no intention to prefix a preface to this little work, but a very unexpected accident determined us to employ a few lines in vindication of the panegyric on Shakespeare, which is introduced in the eighth day.

The memory of that extraordinary genius is honoured by a tribute of endless encomiums:----His dramatic works have been for more than an age the subject of universal admiration in a most respectable nation, among whom the belles-lettres, and the sciences flourish: yet a man of genius, to whom France has given birth, has dared to reach forth a profane and ungrateful hand to blast the laurels which adorn his immortal brow.

Is Mr. de Voltaire insensible of the superiority of that honour with which candour and gratitude crown a man of celebrated genius, to that

arising from the illusions with which he may mislead an infatuated vulgar? Are not his eyes good enough to see that such a kind of enthusiasm can, at best, only draw a party of his own times after him, which probably he may long outlive? Besides, there is so great an affinity between justness of thought, elegance of expression, and vigour of imagination, that whoever is possessed of the first of these gifts, is very seldom unprovided of the rest:—surely then his splendid reputation could have suffered nothing from acknowledging Shakespeare to be a genius of the first order, and that he had been indebted to him for some truly valuable passages. A monopolising spirit leads to great meannesses! While we pay to the great talents of Mr. de Voltaire, the most sincere, though at the same time, the most impartial respect, we cannot help blaming him for those excesses to which we sometimes see him transported.

Racine

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Racine did not rail against Mr. Dacier, for having dared to translate those authors, who were his guides and models;—the partisans of that poet did not call Brumoi barbarous and silly for having drawn a parallel between them, but we are assured that these epithets have escaped Mr. de Voltaire, against the translators of Shakespeare. We should be much pleased in doubting of this fact; it would be excessively indecent in him to domineer over opinions and sentiments, with that despotic sway he so much abhors in others.

It is a long time since we foretold some of the extravagant partisans of that poet, that in proportion as a knowledge of English literature became extended over France, he would lose the reputation of originality in more than one of his productions. He has so many, that such a sacrifice would be a meer trifle, especially if he makes it with a good grace.

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The celebrated writers of the age of Louis XIV. were acquainted with the Italian and Spanish languages, but knew as little of the English as of the Huron ; yet Milton, Shakespeare, and Dryden, before that time, had published some masterpieces of genius. Towards the middle of the age of Lewis XV. Mr. de Voltaire studied their language and writings, and profited by that knowledge. He was too quick-sighted not to be sensible of the great advantages he had over the imitators of Lopez de Vega, and the other Spanish authors, &c. This remained a secret while the French, immersed in prejudices, did not think of extending their views to the literary character of a people, whom they only knew at that time by their reciprocal hatred of each other.

Mr. de Voltaire has no reason to be offended with this discovery. He is not reproached with being a plagiarist ;—pens, like the pen of Mr. de Voltaire, embellish while they imitate;

imitate;—this is by no means pillaging.—When we observe his ill-humour and invectives against the English poet, we should be apt to imagine him either so very irascible or so very awkward, as to confound these ideas—he exposes himself by such weakness.

Horace ventured to say, that even the great Homer, now and then slumbered;—if the caustical Freiron were still alive, he would think that he had a right to say that Mr. de Voltaire was doating. Heaven avert such a thought, and save us from being guilty of such a literary blasphemy; on the contrary, let us fly to escape his wrath, and the ireful fury of his numerous confederacy.

Let the hardy and valuable translators of Shakespear reproach him with, and prove to him his singular obligations to the English poet.—let them accuse him of having missed the noblest flights in his imitations;—the field is fairly open to them:
but

but let us who have not strength for such bold enterprizes, be satisfied with begging of him, for the sake of the English nation, whom he has so often extravagantly praised; for the sake of a few Frenchmen, who judge from their feelings, and not from the periodical decrees, which some journalists receive from post by the Pays de Gex; and lastly for our own sakes, that we may be permitted to admire Othello, Cæsar, &c. &c. because these pieces paint human nature, and sensibly move our passions; an effect which criticism and abuse can no more prevent, with respect to them, than the sarcasms of Mr. Clement could hinder the triumph of the *Henriade*.

With such eminent abilities as those of Mr. de Voltaire, with a reputation so justly acquired, and so constantly supported, a man never deceives himself without a hazard of misleading others. The opinions which he has, or pretends to have adopted, gain credit and take root

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root in the minds of other men. We have seen the serious consequences of an error in a man of the highest reputation, and we chiefly venture to combat it, because of his distinguished superiority.

If the unjust opinion which ranks Shakespear with the croud of monstrous authors who wrote in the ages of barbarism, had escaped from one of those feeble abortions, who periodically blot paper for the satisfaction of some people who endeavour to make them seem something; we should leave them to exhaust and annihilate themselves, under their academical laurels, and talk nonsense to humour the Regent who is the prop of their imbecillity.

Mr. de Voltaire, equally sensible to praise and satire, has frequently procured fame and regard to works, which without his help had never been paid to ordinary abilities. It is a nostrum with some authors, for the sale of a book, to place in the front those little epistles which
he

he has never failed to write in answer to those who prostrate themselves before him.

If an author continues steady in his worship, and never fails to tack his name and praises to every page that he publishes, he will find that the party, which is very numerous, will imperceptibly adopt him, and then he may preach at his ease. The literary pigmies whom we have been speaking of, notwithstanding their non-entity in other circumstances, immediately became important upon their admission into the confederacy.

If we endeavour to warn the public against what these echo's may repeat after the sage of Ferney;—if we remind them of their never having possessed one original thought of their own, and that their interested opinions are nothing but the monstrous produce of envy and personal vanity;—if we observe that they do not understand, and that they never read the sublime and original author

thor whom they condemn, it is not from an apprehension that the impression made by their decree can have any extensive influence; it is rather to convince the public more and more of the necessity of judging for themselves of the works that are published, and to shew them how just that indignation is, which they begin to feel against that insolent and impudent cabal, which would erect a throne for its idol, and ranging itself around the despot, form a literary inquisition.

Perhaps this stroke is severe, but let it be remembered, that in striking the blow we are only challenging a privilege which they have made use of as a pretence for their usurpations.—the liberty of thinking. It is fortunate that the destruction of letters has been prevented by want of abilities in those petty tyrants, who, by lavishing stupid and contemptible encomiums, have obtained warrants and passports from Mr. de Voltaire, whose vanity is so easily

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easily tickled, that it should make them be instantly suspected.

May the present age do him justice, by placing him by the side, or even above the greatest known genius;—we will not oppose it;—it is an homage which is due to him: but let us likewise do him justice, by always doubting, and never submitting to be led either by his praises, or his censures.

There remains nothing for us to say to the reader, but that we sincerely wish the other strokes of this little piece may amuse and correct, which was our only motive for giving it to the public. If it fails in the end proposed, the mistake will not be amended by lengthening this Preface.

THE

THE
ENGLISHMAN'S FORTNIGHT,
AT
P A R I S;

Or the ART of
Ruining HIMSELF in a few Days.

DAY THE FIRST.

My arrival at Paris.—My first Acquaintance in that Capital.

I AM now a second time at Paris on my travels. Six years ago I made my first journey to that city, where I resided only fifteen days.

After spending five good years in reflecting upon the follies I committed during these two weeks, I have come to the resolution of publishing an account of them for the instruction of my poor countrymen,

men, whom I have the mortification to see treading in my steps.—After the expiration of a lustrum, I now behold this capital with very different eyes from those with which I formerly viewed it.—I was then scarce eighteen, and I hope, for the sake of my honour, that the reader will keep this circumstance in mind during the perusal of every line of the following most humble confession.

In 176 . . . I set out from London, with the train, the equipage, and the disposition of the generality of our unfledged starlings, *i. e.* with a good carriage, two English footmen, a valet de chambre of Provence,* and letters of credit to a considerable amount, the produce of which was destined to defray the expences of my whole tour, which was designed to include several of the principal States in Europe; but unluckily I began with France, and my money only served to make me be treated like an English Lord for a very short time, by all the courtezans, knights of industry, Savoyard porters, and hangers on of all denominations in the capital.

On my arrival at Calais, I met Mr. S—. After hiring a valet to serve as interpreter,

* Provence valets, are remarkable for their address and genius for intrigue.

which

which is usually done in order to supply the English servants' want of skill in the language of the country, we took the road to Paris. Notwithstanding the address and assurance of my valet de chambre, I enlarged my train with one of these people, who brought us without any accident to the Hotel of P. R. in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

This house had been recommended to me at Calais, by the Sieur Defaint, as the place where all the nobility of our nation took up their residence, and the only *Hotel* proper for a man who travelled in a *Berline*, and had twelve thousand pounds in his pocket-book.

My vanity had opened a large pair of ears, and unluckily I had every disposition to become a dupe to the pomp and vogue of a ready furnished Hotel. The Sieur Bearn, the most civil and courteous of landlords, came to receive me on alighting from my carriage. From that moment he gilded the pill with a politeness so submissive, which bore the stamp of so striking disinterestedness, that I had reason to believe myself in the house of the most obliging, if not the most honest man in France. So great was my infatuation, that, like Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, I would with pleasure, have given him a

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guinea for every bow he played off against me. They followed one another so rapidly, and in such numbers, that he would have emptied my purse, even sooner than the journeyman taylor exhausted Mr. Jourdain's.

Mine host, his head bowed, his body half bent, and a flambeau in his hand, walked before me with the most profound respect, he ushered me into a handsome and spacious apartment on the first floor; and after having made me remark its elegance and convenience, informed me that I should pay for it no more than forty *louis-d'or* per month. To this proposal he joined a catalogue of all the English Peers who had been content to hire it on the same terms, and concluded with a hint equally artful and flattering, of the gratuities he had received from his guests, as a testimony of their approbation of his services; and which, at parting, they had added to a price so moderate as he had charged them. I was too ostentatious, and too ignorant, to contradict the knavish landlord. I therefore remained in possession of the first floor, and mine host in a certainty of forty *louis-d'or* per month, without reckoning the speculations he beforehand grounded on my kitchen, my equipage, and all the extravagancies I had every

every appearance of committing during my stay.

After passing the night in a deep sleep, pleasingly taken up with agreeable dreams, excited by a fore-taste of the pleasures of Paris, I was awaked one of the two occasional valets, added to my train by the careful foresight of the *Sieur Bearn*.—This fellow informed me that Doctor *** had already been there with an intention to pay me his respects, and had inquired with the most tender solicitude after the state of my health; but that he might not interrupt my slumbers, he had put off his visit till noon. It was then, at most, only ten o'clock in the forenoon. I was not acquainted with the Doctor, and I could not easily guess how he could be interested for a person, of whose existence he must have been intirely ignorant fifteen hours before. However, I resolved to wait for a man who was so ready to prevent me with his politeness: I promised myself, perhaps, some advantage from his acquaintance, or, at least, some sallies of wit worthy that spirit of levity which distinguishes the nation I had come to make the first subject of my study.

I waited for him then; and during the two hours which passed till his return, I was pestered by a multitude of retailers of

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both sexes, mountebanks, taylors, masters of languages, and dancing-masters. Unbroken then to the train and usages of the world, the only consequence I drew from all those interested visits, was attaching to my person a stupid importance, which could only be the delirium of my youth and vanity:—at last the Doctor appeared, and came to fortify this sentiment.

I shall be somewhat particular in my description of this personage, because he had a great share in all the extravagancies which signalized my entrance into the world.

Let the reader figure to himself a physiognomy, in which is painted a mixture of effrontery that might at first be taken for an open assurance, with a smile, which, to a superficial view, expresses an officious zeal, tempered with respect, but in which it is easy soon to distinguish the stupid and affected politeness of a subaltern and witless sharper: a diminutive head, enveloped by two curls, as thick as an arm, and fifteen inches in length, which beginning at the eyebrows, descend in a circumflex direction three inches below the ears, and again join behind the pole of the neck, where they form an enormous volume;—the whole sleeked and pomat-
tured

tumed in the most extravagant manner, and serving as a shell to a *nucleus*, which must be carefully sought for in the edifice of this ample *frisure*.—It is true that this at last may be discovered, but in vain would we look into it for learning or brains.

The perriwigged head I have just described, is supported by a body, the figure of which resembles a vine-prop, tapering towards the top, and the limbs thickening as they descend: the whole forming a figure of about seven English feet;—this machine was clothed in a suit, the affected taste of which, announced, at least, a Marquis. A sword of excessive length beat against the parts which ought to have been occupied by the calves of his legs; his hand was large, and garnished at the extremity with long emaciated fingers, ridiculously loaded with rings of some value, which I have since been informed were presents made him by some of my opulent countrymen for the services he had done them;—of what nature these were, I shall have an opportunity afterwards to explain.

The jingling of twenty trinkets, announced to me from the anti-chamber, the approach of something which ought to

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resemble a mule, but in fact had only moral relations to the family of that animal.—Such was the Doctor's exterior.—After giving me a detail of his qualifications, and announcing himself as a member of the faculty, I could not help recollecting that I had been previously informed in England, that on my arrival in France, I would find every thing singular and elegant, rather than rational and profound. I made the brilliant Esculapius sit down, and presented him with a dish of tea, which I had still before me, while I waited with impatience for his explaining the motive of his visit.

The Doctor spoke English fluently, but his accent was not pure; I immediately concluded him to be an I * * *, and he soon let me know that I was not mistaken.—After the compliments usual on a first acquaintance, and some general offers of service, he went on thus —“ My lord, in
 “ all probability, intends to make some
 “ stay in this capital—Noblemen of his
 “ age come hither in search of pleasure,
 “ and they are seldom disappointed: but
 “ it is essential to associate with company
 “ that may be depended on; and too
 “ much delicacy cannot be used in the
 “ choice. It is likewise necessary to ac-
 “ quire,

“ quire, at least, a tincture of the language—I should think myself infinitely honoured could I deserve enough of his Lordship’s confidence, to induce him to refer himself to me upon these matters.”

After this obliging preface he entertained me with a list of all the noblemen and gentlemen of England, with whom he had formed a connection:—I recollected the names of many of my relations, allies, and friends.—This gave our conversation more warmth.—He then spoke to me of their gratitude and liberalities.—He even displayed before me a number of jewels and portraits, which he called the precious remembrances of his dear friends—My Lord such a one—Sir such a one, and—Mr. such a one.—Seduced by those pledges of their friendship for him, and the warmth of his offers, I insensibly found myself disposed to admit him into my confidence, and to regulate my conduct by his advice in the unknown country upon which I was cast. I therefore intreated him to accept a dinner with me: To which he replied,—that he would break an important engagement in order to do me that pleasure, and retired with an assurance that he would soon return to keep my company.

Scarce had the Doctor turned his back when my interpreter, and the two occasional lacqueys provided for me by the master of the house, came to sing his praises in chorus. They exhausted themselves in encomiums on a person, who so effectually mingled the useful with the agreeable. All this was uttered with so little affectation, and so much address, that the evidence of facts would have been necessary to persuade me that the panegyrist had *intelligence* with the *saint*. A young fellow of eighteen never can divine that intriguers in *socks* purchase reputation from rogues in *livery*.—The discourse of this eloquent *lacquey-hood* turned, at least, as much upon the parties of pleasure the Doctor had formed, as on the cures he had wrought. It is true, the last were pretty frequently consequences of the first.

Mean time I digested my breakfast, indolently perusing the *Stranger's Guide*, or, *The Almanack of Paris*, while Mr. Toupee was giving my head the turn *à la Francoise*, and exhausting the profound art of hair-dressing.—This useful occupation took up two hours of my time, and consumed part of that employed by the Doctor upon his visits in the neighbourhood.

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The English arrive in crouds in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, and not an individual comes thither with any appearance of distinction who escapes his attention.—Luckily he never undertakes to prescribe for any distempers whose consequences might be mortal, and for the cure of which a great deal of medical skill is requisite.—I have even observed, now I am forced from my prejudices in his favour, that he dextrously evades undertaking whatever may be of a critical or complicated nature, and confines himself intirely to certain diseases incident to a course of dissipation. His practice in these must be the more distinguished, as he multiplies them with one hand, while he cures them with the other.

He came exactly at three.—The *Sieur Bearn* served us up a very scanty dinner at an exorbitant price. The Doctor's wrath was kindled at the sight; and with a dictatorial tone, he scolded much louder than I would have done. From that instant he erected himself into arbitrator in the arrangement of my œconomy. Out of gratitude for the resentment he testified at seeing me so ill served, I thought myself obliged to prevent its going too far.—Doctor, said I, the dinner is bad; but, to make amends, I believe
we

we can have recourse to some excellent Burgundy.—Let us see, cried he, all on fire, and immediately called for a glass of wine, which he put to his lips.—Whence comes this wine, cried he, gruffly? From *Pontac*, replied one of the occasional lacqueys, trembling.—Detestable poison! exclaimed the Doctor, and worthy of the petty tavern where it was brewed;—then addressing himself to one of my servants, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and having written a few words: “Here,” said he, “run to “I****, the king’s wine-merchant, “and order him to send My Lord a hundred flasks of his best Pomar, till to-morrow, when I shall bespeak an assortment.” At his voice the supple and obsequious lacquey disappeared like lightning; while ignorant of the obliging physician’s resources and correspondence, I was struck dumb with admiration, joy and gratitude.

While he thus took in hand the reins of my domestic government, he was devouring what lay before him. It was not till after he had exercised his teeth and jaws with unremitting industry, that his conversation acquired new life.—He poured forth amid a torrent of words, a list
of

of all the illustrious personages he intended to employ in my education, and the capital artists he proposed to assemble for my service, but their names was almost sunk in the deluge.—The burden of every sentence was, —*Do not make yourself uneasy about that, —I take the charge of this, —I answer for t'other*—Then came the scandalous chronicle of all the intrigues carried on by *My Lords*, with the beauties of the opera:—who had one;—who had first brought out another, —the extravagancies committed for these ladies, —their brilliant accomplishments and celebrity, —their faults, their charms, the danger of some of them, —a thousand amusing anecdotes, a thousand strokes of pleasantry.—These details enflamed my curiosity, and kept up my good humour during the remainder of my repast.—When we rose from table, the Doctor assumed a serious and important air, and asked me, My Lord, who is your banker?—“ ’Tis Mr. G****.”—So much the worse, I am sorry it is not *****: That is amazing.—There are few Englishmen of your distinction and character but are recommended to him.

Besides the strictest probity and the greatest zeal for your affairs, a recommendation

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mendation to him would have procured you connections in a house, rendered no less agreeable by the genius and talents of the master, than by the numerous and excellent company drawn thither by play.

—‘How! by play! in the house of a man whose coffers must be incessantly supplied by the trust reposed in him!’—Maxims of your clumsy, scrupulous country! a genius truly speculative makes play a real branch of commerce.—If you please, my Lord, tell me what difference you discover between venturing money at *trente et quarante*, and the vague and uncertain speculations in the public funds?

“But we would not much approve of a banker, the depositary of other mens monies, venturing the loss of them in our funds by ruinous wagers, the profits of which would accrue only to himself.”

Pshaw, nothing is lost in the house I am speaking of; on the contrary, its master is continually amassing, and that in every method.—Your credit, continued he, is, doubtless, very considerable?—“I have bills on Paris to the amount of twelve thousand pounds sterling.”—This indiscretion, which proceeded at least as much from vanity as from inexperience, essentially satisfied the Doctor’s curiosity, and opened a career to his designs.—A hand-

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some sum, replied he eagerly, 'tis enough to purchase this whole capital ! Very well —I'll introduce you immediately to the Baron de —, where you will find the best and most genteel company ; he is a man of distinguished merit and superior abilities,—To them he is indebted for an immense fortune, and may aspire to the first honours in a country which he astonishes by the novelty and the depths of his views. In his house you will meet with a number of people of distinction, several of them speak your language ; thus you will be able to pass your time agreeably till the Abbe F——'s lessons have made you capable of keeping your corner in French societies.—I thanked the Doctor for so many good offices.

He rose, and pulling the string of the bell—I must, said he, examine what kind of equipage the master of the house furnishes you :—leave the care of all these little matters to me :—I will undertake it with pleasure ;—I will prevent your being imposed upon.—See, added he, with an imposing tone, to one of my servants, who then made his appearance ; see, if my Lord's coach be ready ; and without waiting for his answer, he turned to me, and cried—let us go down ; 'tis six o'clock, we will take a turn to the
opera,

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opera, and from that go to the Baron de ——'s.

I embarked under the conduct of this extraordinary *Mentor*, who had thus made a seizure of my person. A very good hired coach, loaded behind with my whole train of servants, furnished with canes, by the care of the Doctor, carried us in an instant to the gate of the *Palais Royal*. My guide made me alight, and without giving me time to observe the building, after having with a genteel air taken a couple of tickets from the sprucest of my occasional lacqueys, who obeyed every motion of his eye, he dragged me with precipitation into the house. He placed himself by my side, in one of the balconies, close to the stage. The curtain was soon after drawn up, and I for the first time beheld that monstrous compound of clumsy noisy music, without taste or spirit, and those unmeaning capers which French enthusiasm takes and gives for the noblest of spectacles. Yielding to the irksome weariness which preyed upon me, I begun running over every corner of this immense theatre, and at last cast my eyes upon my companion.—His were employed.—I observed an air of intelligence between his looks, and those of some of the divinities, who were fluttering

fluttering on the stage. Whenever the figures of any of the *ballets* brought them within a proper distance, they too seemed to view with no little attention, my air, and the English dress in which I was still muffled.

You seem to take but little pleasure, said the Doctor, in the insipid din of this French music, but, added he with an expressive smile, if what passes on the stage produces the spleen, the adventures behind the scenes make ample amends. At these words he gave me his hand, and striding over the three benches between us and the passage, he led me to the tiring room.—I was soon convinced of the esteem in which he was there held, and the judicious and natural inclination entertained by that whole swarm of dancers for those young Englishmen who are making their first tour in France.

La — La — La —, had just finished a dance of three: when they came off they perceived my guide, whose lengthened figure overtopped by two feet, a group of *Petits Maitres*, occupied in presenting gold and incense to these goddesses. I was at his side; my large neckcloth, my long skirts, and I know not what stiffness and sheepishness in my air, which we cannot get rid of till at least a
year's

year's absence from Oxford or Cambridge, and six months residence in Paris, all wrote on every limb,—*This is an Englishman.*

The Doctor's winks, which I was then too great a novice to observe or appreciate, assured the most intelligent, that I might carry my offerings a good way. In consequence, the gilded troop of Marquises was soon abandoned to their despair, and *my Lord* surrounded and ogled without mercy. I did not know that the physician was then preparing for me the agreeable surprize of a supper with two of the handsomest nymphs of the band, who, had let fly at me most murdering glances, accompanied with a few words of broken English. In order better to cover this master-stroke, he made haste to lead me off from this region of enchantment, by telling me that it was time to go to the Baron de ***'s.

In a moment we were at the gate of his hotel. The Doctor walked before me through the whole house with the same freedom and liberty as if he had been at home. After crossing several rooms filled with servants in different liveries, he pointed out the Baron, who had come to receive me at the door of a first anti-chamber. He was a man of a grave and
flegmatic

flegmatic mien, the solidity and furniture of whose head gave a systematic air even to his bows, and his address. His voice was strong and heavy, uttered with a slow, measured, and dull monotony, which gave even his salutation a tone of extraordinary prudence. The Baron introduced me into a saloon, where thro' the tumultuous waves of a numerous assembly, and the embarrassment of a multitude of gaming tables, I penetrated to the Baroness. The figure and downcast look of this lady, exhibited a copy of the husband. Scarce did she give herself time to answer my first compliment, when displaying a pack of cards she pressed me to take one, and sit down to a party at whist, which seemed to wait me there, by a decree of the destinies. Never had I been in a house where there was less expence in conversation, and where a man found himself so quickly seated between the kings of spades and diamonds. I submitted to the custom, and began a dull party with three strangers; an old maid, whose inexhaustible loquacity shewed her pretensions; an Abbe, whose air of avidity and attention to the game, demonstrated that he studied play more than his breviary, and an old officer, on whose figure, age could

not

not imprint the character of honesty, so plainly, was his affected simplicity betrayed by a knavish sharpening air. I played with inattention, to the great mortification of the superannuated beauty who fronted me, and in spite of myself, let me eyes wander over all the parts of the room, and the different originals with which it was filled. It was the strangest medley I ever had beheld; I was not then capable of describing it exactly, as I have been since, when I became acquainted with the particular characters of part of the company, and verified, by woful experience, the justice with which a certain wag has given this Hotel the appellation of the *Pacquet-Boat*. At this first instant, I perceived that the business of the house turned no less upon politics than play; for I saw a number of English pamphlets and news-papers scattered in every corner—However, the plumed *Sagana*, * who could reckon at least fifty good years, and was unluckily my partner, was provoked at my absence of mind; every trick my stupidity made her lose, she sent forth a sigh, with which I thought her soul ready to expire, or uttered a shriek more shrill than the

* A forcerefs.—*Vide HORACE Epod.*

cries of our orange women in Cheapſide. I laught inwardly while I moſt humbly aſked her pardon. At laſt we came off for a few *louis-d'or* and a fit of ſuffocation, which turned her purple for three minutes.

The aſſembly was preparing to break up, when the maſter of the houſe aſked if no cavalier would be complaiſant enough to attend Mademoiſelle back to her convent. This was my diſtreſſed partner. The obliging Doctor, who had already taken poſſeſſion of every thing belonging to me, on this occaſion diſpoſed of my perſon and my carriage. I could not reſiſt the tone of ſuperiority he aſſumed, and preſenting my hand to the old lady with the leaſt ill grace I could, we walked out of the apartment.

I perceived that ſhe was ſoftened by this piece of complaiſance, and that ſhe began to forget the blunders of my play. —On the way from the Hotel de *** to her monaſtery, I received ſome tokens of the exceſs of her indulgence, and in her favour paſſed over the enormity of her pretenſions. At parting I received permiſſion to go and pay my court to her, —a compliment ſo much the more flattering, as it had not coſt me the trouble of aſking, and proved to me how preventingly

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ventingly complaisant old age makes the
friar.

Scarce had we again got into the carriage, when the Doctor called eagerly to the coachman to drive to the Street de Richelieu;—he whipt and we flew.

My dear friend, then said my companion, squeezing me by the hand, I have resolved to make you amends for all the irksome mortifications you have been obliged to swallow to night, with one of the most amusing evening entertainments in Paris. A man like you must divide his life between serious societies and the pleasing extravagance of what are called amusing parties.—You are young—you have wit and a good figure:—six months in this train, and you will far outstrip the Marquis de * * *, and Mr. de * * *, the two most agreeable men in France, which will undoubtedly be greatly for the honour of England. “Indeed, my dear Doctor, you are certainly the best and most complaisant of mankind.” I was not yet habituated to the expressive French phrases, such as *charming and delicious*, which would have been more suitable to the occasion. “It is very lucky for a stranger, continued I, to meet with so uncommon a friend; how obliging you are!”

are!"—Oh! my Lord, replied the Doctor with precipitation, besides that such is my disposition, I share in every pleasure I can procure to my countrymen; these trifles never cost me any thing.—

"On the contrary it is a proof of the goodness of your heart," replied I—My temper is not malignant, and I was too much blinded to give the Doctor's last expression its strict and literal meaning.

My carriage stopped and we alighted. The Doctor went before me up a narrow staircase excessively dark, and conducted me into a neat well-lighted anti-chamber on the first floor. Two servants out of livery, but extremely well clothed, were there in waiting; one of them inquired my name, and upon my introducer's answer, the folding doors of the Saloon suddenly flew open. My eyes were struck with a refined and voluptuous luxury, which is no where to be found except in Paris, and whose sources are there opened with profusion, especially in places such as that in which I then found myself.

The whole company consisted of three ladies, who with pleasure in their looks, came to meet my guide, and received me with the most cordial politeness. I immediately recollected one of them to be Mademoiselle ***, whom the Doctor

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tor had named to me at the opera.—The second was a companion,—the third she called her mamma; and this lady had in fact a sufficient age, and the matronly air suitable for the part she played.

I perceived Mademoiselle * * * to be the reigning Sultana of the palace, and soon remarked that there subsisted a perfect good understanding between the Dowager and the Doctor. They whispered one another in the ear, and in the mean time the old lady stedfastly surveyed me from under her eye-brows. As my companion seemed to grow warm in his discourse, the harpy's superannuated visage assumed an air of avidity, which gave her the appearance of a mastiff eyeing a bone. Mademoiselle * * *'s companion, who was less handsome, was named Julia: it is a piece of policy in the reigning beauties of the opera, constantly to couple themselves in this manner. Whenever they expect a man of consideration (which is always measured by the length of his purse) and they have formed a design upon him, whether he is to be accompanied by a Doctor or any other personage of the kind, there is always a nymph of inferior charms who falls to the lot of the Squire. Well, my Lord,

Lord, said La *** to me with an air and tone of jocularitv, how do you like Paris? Do you think the ladies handsome? You have doubtless already formed some engagement of the heart. A young and amiable nobleman like you, cannot remain a moment unengaged here." To this flattering compliment I only answered, *Oh! Madame point du tout* [Oh! Madam, not at all], and that with a pronounciation as laughable as it was unintelligible to French ears, accompanied with a stupid booby air, playing with my fingers on the corners of my hat, and standing as stiff as a stake, which Sieur G *** would probably find it difficult enough to bend.—My aukward and borrowed air would have given any other woman an ill impressiion, but the adepts of the opera love to cure us of our stiffness, and make themselves be well paid for their time and their indulgence. Mademoiselle *** played off against me fifty alluring compliments in the same tone, which I answered only by an insipid repetition of my three monosyllables. However, the company declared me *charming*, and, above all, remarked that my physiognomy indicated a great deal of wit.—They seemed even upon the point of complimenting me on the fine things I

had said, and I acknowledge, that in my foolish intoxication, I would have swallowed that, with as little scruple as the Doctor's idle stories.

The charming little rogue that had undertaken me, turning with a languishing air to the Doctor, said with a sigh—His Lordship is very amiable, but he is very cold—He is doubtless acquainted with the handsome * * * : She is the beauty of these Gentlemen; they see no charms worthy of them but hers.—I do not believe, replied the Doctor, that my Lord has the slightest idea of her; besides he has too good eyes not to do you justice.—As this part of the conversation seemed to escape me, and I was staring round with a foolish face of inquiry, the Doctor hastened to give me the interpretation. Indeed, added he, without flattery, there is a great difference. Mademoiselle D. H. is both the handsomest creature in Paris, and the most free from those sentiments which often disgrace beauty. This was spoken with warmth.—I answered with equal eagerness; the Lady observed me—Speak French, my Lord, said she, petulantly, at the same time giving me a gentle tap on the knuckles.—I requested my interpreter to be so good as to testify to her how sorry I was for not being able
to

to entertain her; but at least I understood French enough not to suffer any of her amiable fallies to escape me. The compliment was interpreted to her in a manner sufficient to draw upon me a multitude of others.—Well, continued she with a sprightly air,—teach me English then, and I will teach you French.—With all my heart, replied I.—She darted a glance which penetrated to my very soul.

A man still better dressed than those I had seen in the anti-chamber, and whom I afterwards discovered to be at least the *putative* father of Mademoiselle ***, came to give notice that supper was on the table.—Come, my Lord, give me your hand, said she, and sit by me.—Daughter, daughter, cried the matron, 'tis not pretty to make advances to gentlemen in that manner.—Mamma, replied the other, in a sportive tone, this is my English master. We were now in the dining-room; a table, elegantly furnished, was illuminated with a dozen of wax tapers on girandoles which rose at the four corners of a magnificent *sur-tout*. My scholar, supinely seated on a sofa, which occupied a corner of the fire, had placed me so near her, that I was embarrassed and ashamed of it, like a novice as I

was.—The mamma sat at the opposite side, and the Doctor was between her and the inferior divinity.

I was officiously helped to the most delicate bits; I was served with the finest sparkling wines. To one exquisite course succeeded another, every dish of which was equally delicious with the former.—This was still heightened by a desert in which the champagne flowed in copious streams. To crown the whole, and in order to pay court to me, I was entertained with punch; the beautiful hand of my entertainer squeezed the lemons:—To refuse my glass was impossible.—Every moment added to the liveliness and spirit of the conversation; but, tis easy to imagine how little share of it I could take.—However it was all at my expence. The nymph perceived that my senses began to be inflamed—it must be acknowledged she made me hear a very pretty pipe, and sung a tender air, in a quite different manner from what is done at the opera.

About half an hour after one in the morning we rose from table, and after a few sallies, the sequel of the brilliant conversation at supper, the mamma proposed a party at *vingt et un*—I knew not what it was. Well, my Lord, and I will go halves, said my handsome allurer;
and

and taking me under the arm, drew me towards a table covered with a green cloth, which was about two steps off. We rung for cards—The company took their places---I pulled out a purse which might contain fourscore louis d'ors. The play was immediately put into my hands; and I was charged with the bank, in company with my sparkling neighbour, who with great address remitted to me the care of making the advances.

If I could not command my attention before supper at the Baron's, the case was far worse here. Feet, eyes, gentle pushes with the knees, in short, every thing above and below the table, was employed to draw off my thoughts from the game. — The champagne had deprived me of one half of my senses; but had they been entire, so many dangerous contacts would have made me lose them a hundred times.

The consequence was that my fourscore louis were melted before the bank was out of my hands. Notwithstanding my giddiness, I perceived that three-fourths of the winnings had fallen to the share of my young partner's prudent and discreet mamma; the other fourth was divided between the dear Doctor and the humble
C 3 friend.

friend.---My partner bore her ill look with great temper; she wanted to take out some gold, in order to make a new bank; but a change of dress furnished an excuse for not having her purse about her. The Doctor, the most polite of mankind, to prevent her taking the trouble of getting up, handed me a rouleau of fifty louis. My Goddess, piqued at the inflexibility of fortune, which had shewn herself so inveterate an enemy to me, would deal the cards in her turn, but her luck was still worse than mine.—Her mamma's good fortune was incredible; nothing could resist it; and in two rounds the Physician's rouleau followed my gold. They then had the goodness to put off the revenge till another day, and to agree that my handsome partner and I were out of luck that evening.

During the whole time we were at cards, my fair one had been playing with a gold box, wrought in a very good taste;---I had admired it, and testified the most eager desire to see it nearer. It was put into my hands. After having examined the taste and execution, I wanted to return it: my charming entertainer refused it. I insisted; she was offended. Enchanted with so generous a prevention,

I was

I was going to signify to the Doctor that at least I would make an exchange.--- At that moment the lady, no less artful than liberal, perceived on my finger a very fine diamond, which she viewed with attention while caressing my hand.---I know not how it happened, but it naturally dropt from my finger, and fixed itself on hers. "Well," said she, with an infantine simplicity, "if his Lordship will not accept of my box, I'll exchange it for his ring."---It was not consistent with the dignity of a Peer of England to pay any attention to the prodigious difference in value between those toys. Besides the finger was so pretty, that in my intoxication, a ring worth fifteen hundred guineas would not have appeared to me too precious an ornament for it.---So uncommon a piece of liberality greatly heightened the lustre of the merit they had before discovered me to be possessed of.---My fair one's eyes sparkled with new fire, and expressed only love and voluptuousness.---The prudent mamma chose that moment to tell us, with a severe look, and a freezing tone, that we must part.---"Come, young folks," said she, "come, it is late, we have a rehearsal to-morrow at eleven, you must retire."

retire."---Familiarity being thus established, I obtained permission to take leave with a kiss, after the English manner.---Half supported by my servants, half by my own legs, I reeled into my chariot, and returned home to bed, intoxicated with wine, enchanted with my evening's adventure, and escorted by the faithful Doctor, to whom, before we parted, I repaid the rouleau that had been melted at **'s

I have sometimes heard it said, that love is a foe to sleep: but it is not that love which is contracted in the tiring room, by the help of brisk sparkling champagne. Such a passion, on the contrary, makes us forget, in the arms of Morpheus, the losses and follies of the evening. Accordingly, I neither thought of the diamond, nor the money I had been bubbled of. In the whole transactions of the day, I could only see the acquisition of the handsome gold box, and the happy presages of enjoying the divine **'s favours.

I would have been as little affected with the loss of my whole pocket-book.

We, poor Englishmen, when we come to Paris, are told that we are inextinguishable,

FORTNIGHT. 33

haughty, and we are stupid enough to believe it.

In a word --- I was drunk, I fell asleep without thinking of any thing, and as far as I can recollect I had pleasing dreams.

C 5 DAY

DAY the SECOND.

A decisive Event.

THUS ended my first day at Paris. --- The detail which I have been relating will serve to establish our opinion of the character and principles of Doctor ***.

Three fourths of mankind, in their early days, are guided by those with whom they have the happiness or the misfortune to fall into company. Of this I happen to be an unfortunate proof, and although I may comfort myself with the thoughts of the great number, whom this man has formerly made his dupes, and is daily continuing to make, I am excessively ashamed, that a creature whose trifling emptiness, and whose actions I have known to be more than equivocal, has been able to deceive me for fifteen days together. Yet however much my vanity may be hurt by it, I shall nevertheless continue my relation for the benefit of young travellers, who like me, come to spend some time in Paris.

I went

My masters came after breakfast, and I made my first essay in French and dancing. The two virtuosi who were employed in my education, appeared each of them

to labor from England. He had been

to be a Phoenix; the one, by his excessive politeness and pretty lisping; the other, by his matchless graces. I spent some hours at my toilet, and having dressed in a rich and elegant suit of cloaths, which the dear Doctor's taylor had brought me, with five or six more in the highest taste, I flew to the gardens of the *Palais-Royal*, to shew myself, without knowing what admirers had been prepared for me by my provident physician.

There were at least a dozen people whom I had observed at the Baron's the preceding evening, scattered in different groupes, and dispersed along the great walk. I was not there three minutes before I was accosted;—the old officer, and the Abbe, who had won some louis-d'ors from me at whist, were the first to make up to me. One of the two, who was more than fourscore, seemed notwithstanding to enjoy a state of health, which was the more confirmed by having a mind accustomed to reflection, and an equality of temper. He told me that his name was Colonel Cunning:—His expressions were soothing and friendly. — He perfectly knew the whole bevy of travellers from our country, and gave himself out for a relation of Mr. Grenville, who was Ambassador from England. He had been
some.

some minutes in giving this detail, when we were joined by a little short squat man; --- he was of a ruddy fresh complexion, his cloaths bedawbed with lace; he had a number of jewels, and such an appearance altogether, as made me imagine him to be one of the farmers-general, supported by the public finances; when the Colonel told me that he was the Count de ***:--- his J name had never been accompanied with such a proud qualification before. I have since learnt that he was the nephew of a rich parsimonious banker, who had disappointed all the rest of his relations at his death, by leaving this man the whole of his fortune. From a compting-house desk in the town of Rouen, our heir made but one leap to the dignity of a Count of the Empire; --- with the help of a tongue as thick as himself, the Count stammered out some compliment, and presented a thin flanked sickly young man to me, whom he called his brother-in-law, the Count de Rongdeal:--- this name appeared to me as little suited to a title as the other. I thought that these usurpations, which are both foolish and unbecoming, was a family disease; but in this country it rains Counts, and it is only a subject for laughter.

We

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We took several turns in the walks, during which time the Abbe F . . . did not speak one syllable;---I was tempted to believe that he never opened his mouth, except to say clubs, diamonds, or trumps. Since that time I have had my conjecture confirmed; with only this addition to the idea I had formed of him in my own mind, that in spite of his having the features of a pug-dog, he had rendered such singular services to a certain prelate, that they procured him some good livings.

If we cannot move but upon the heads of Counts at Paris, we are perpetually elbowed by Abbés;---the sacred habit, which ought to distinguish the priesthood, is made a common disguise, and serves for a cloak to multitudes of cowards and sharpers.

A man of a middle size, very lank, his hair powdered and curled with the utmost nicety, having a face which one would have mistaken for the face of a satyr, if its impudence had not been tempered by feebleness and languor, dressed in a violet coloured suit of cloaths, laced with gold, came and very soon joined our company. He is called the Abbe ***; he was particularly civil to me, and declared a desire of being acquainted with me; but I perceived that he eyed the faithful

faithful Doctor, whose arm I had hold of, with a look of resentment, while envy and vexation was expressed in every feature. I never dreamt of ascribing these sentiments to a jealousy of which I myself happened to be the object. I did not know, at that time, that they were rivals, and engaged sometimes in the same profession. It is but right to mention beforehand, that it is neither physic nor theology.

The conversation very soon turned upon the fair inhabitants, who live in the neighbourhood of the Garden. The Abbe *** and the Doctor, harangued most ably, and with equal sagacity. It was impossible to give a more minute description of these ladies assemblies than what was now given. The old officer hearkened to them with a smile of complacency, which gave room to guess the agreeable recollections which he could trace back in his own mind. The fat Count and his brother-in-law rallied the two speakers very closely, but their strokes of humour were so lost upon them, that they still persisted. The Abbe ***, with an earnest look and staring eyes, seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation upon some stroke at picquet. As for my part, I was silly enough to pay the greatest

est attention to all these impertinencies; but however the hour of leaving the garden at last arrived, and having positively assured the Count that I would do myself the honour of waiting upon him, I embarked with my faithful Achates, and the old Colonel, whom I carried home with me to dinner.

Upon entering the Hotel, one of my new valets, with some precaution, slipped a very small letter, excessively perfumed, into my hand, which had been brought during my absence, with an impatient desire for its being delivered. I opened it; it was written in French, but the character was so bad, and the orthography in such a fantastical style, that one who understood so little of the language as I did, might as easily have unravelled a book of conjuring. I was obliged to have recourse to the Doctor, who after studying a quarter of an hour, at last decyphered what follows:

“ Do you know, my little Lord, you are very wicked; you have hindered me from closing an eye this whole night. Mamma is very angry with me; she says that I am in love. I shall be very much vexed if you don't come this evening to the Italian comedy. At least, be sure to come

come to me at nine o'clock, for I have a great deal to say to you. That pretty little ring which you put upon my finger, last night, has set it a prating:---it whispers in my ear, that you have got a handsome mistress in Paris, which gives me a great deal of uneasiness; however, if my little Lord will come this evening, it will be a proof that it lies; I will then take comfort, and never believe it more."

My vanity made me think the pretty little childish manner of this chick most exquisitely fine. "Oh! this girl has the spirit of an angel," cried the Doctor, "G---d d---n me, if she is not the prettiest little girl in Paris. Well, my Lord! if you have nothing better to do, you may grant her this small favour; we will go and pass an hour there this evening."

Having spoke this in a low voice, we joined the Colonel. He had discovered back-gammon tables in my apartment, and proposed playing a game till dinner should be on the table. I accepted, and played for twelve louis-d'ors; I gained the first, and lost the two next;---Dinner being announced, prevented the fourth.

By the care and vigilance of my majordomo, I was infinitely better provided than the preceding day---every thing
was

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was excellent. The Burgundy flowed most plentifully. My old guest eat with reflection, and drank with that coolness which he employed at whist, back-gammon, and indeed in every thing wherein I saw him engaged. Since that time, I have experienced how adroit and artful he is, and how well he knows the way to make the people chime in with that calm discretion and dignity which suits his time of life and condition. We dined cheerfully, because his phlegm was no check to our mirth:—we digested our dinner with back-gammon, which cost me only fifty louis.

The Doctor, who was always attentive and provident, had ordered the carriage, that we might take an airing upon the *Boulevard* *, before we were to be shut up at the Italian comedy, and because the *bon ton* required that we should not arrive there till the after-piece. It seemed as if this man was resolved to let all his patients die rather than lose one instant wherein it was in his power to minister to my pleasures:—I was affected with the sincerest gratitude;—perhaps, in these first moments he had very good reasons for keeping the ball at his foot. The

* Boulevard is a public walk upon the walls at Paris.

Abbe *** was one of those sort of men against whom it is equally necessary to employ the closest assiduity, and the most expert address. However, I was resolved to indemnify him for the sacrifice he made to me of all the fees that he might lose by his attention. I believe he was satisfied, for he never forsook me while this could be supported.

About this time of the year, all the worthless trifling beings that infest this great city, have a custom of assembling upon the *Boulevard*. There, their insipid employment is to go and display a new suit of cloaths, or a carriage just come out of the hands of an unfortunate tradesman, who gets himself splashed, or perhaps crushed in pieces, while he is in vain running in quest of payment.

Amidst clouds of dust, a string of carriages move round a circle of about an English half-mile, where, notwithstanding the slowness of the pace, and the endeavours of the guard to keep them in order, they often run against one another and occasion frequent interruptions. The idlers, who are drawn along to this place, employ themselves in gaping round them, and with looks of the most consummate effrontery, endeavour to stare women out of countenance, even in the corner seat
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of

of the most modest carriage. It is true, indeed, that few such carriages are seen ;— those of the sex who come to figure there, are by no means offended ; on the contrary, they reply to the boldest glances, with an assurance, or rather an air of triumph, which discovers the pride and haughtiness with which prostitution and dishonour march uncovered amidst the splendid spoils of folly and libertinism.

Frequently the silly victims of those cruel and insolent syrens, assemble in crouds round their chariots, and without the least sense of shame, pay their adorations in the eyes of a public, provoked at seeing such contemptible bubbles. I saw one of these ladies in a superb equipage most splendidly gilt and richly varnished ; six beautiful English horses, covered with plumes, gold, and silk, drew her along in state, with rich and splendid liveries both before and behind. That day there was a great number hurrying to the Boulevard. The moment that her triumphal car passed into a street leading that way, an immense croud of people on foot from the opposite alleys, run instantly to the side where she was to pass. One would have been apt to imagine by their zeal, that it was some benevolent and beloved queen coming to receive the homage

mage of a delighted people. I thought it was so, but my conductor told me she was the famous * * *. The confused cries of the multitude very soon discovered the nature and motive for that zeal by which I had been deceived. The insolent haughtiness with which a courtesan was parading in the midst of the people, presented to the minds of every one present, a most hateful idea. In an instant this superb equipage was surrounded by the mob, who to rage and threatenings, mixed the most humiliating expressions of derision and contempt. They flew in a passion, and in a moment the beautiful carriage was going to be dashed in pieces, when happily the guard came in time to disengage the astonished beauty, who only had the pleasure of passing over five or six fathoms of the lists, where she expected to have dazzled the eyes of a more benevolent public till the evening.

On the relation of this mortifying accident, while five hundred voices were buzzing all round me, I observed that all the petit-maitres in the carriages, which were in my view, became pale and wan. Divided between grief and indignation, some piteously lamented, while others bitterly inveighed against the declension of civility and good manners. They most plentifully

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fully bestowed their curses and imprecations upon a croud of artists and manufacturers, for daring to murmur at their not being paid, while the whole was lavished upon such creatures. In the warmth of their imprecations they even included the public government, because they did not put forty thousand honest citizens in prison, for being wanting in the laws of gallantry, and in the humble respect due to a courtesan.

My thoughts were so different at that time from what they are at present, that I was more affected by the affront offered to this actress, than by the just motives for the ill will of such a number of unfortunate people, that I reasoned with the same sound judgment as did the rest of those gentlemen. Provoked more than any of them, I quitted this scene of French rudeness, and ordered my carriage to fly to the Italian comedy, at the risk of breaking the legs and arms of the unfortunate people who were on foot, and could scarce save themselves by flying to the right and left, notwithstanding the hoarse bawlings of my noisy coachman.

In a narrow ill-lighted house, unworthy of such a capital as Paris, some insipid mountebanks had just done acting a farce, which at least one half of the spectators did

did not understand. These buffoons made way for a parcel of male and female French singers, whose harsh voices, and unnatural manner, mangled the music; but, however, it was less disagreeable than that which made me fly from the Opera. They aimed at the Italian taste, and perhaps in a few years they may arrive at some resemblance; but it was neither the charms nor perfection of the arts that I wanted; every thing would have passed very well in my eyes if I could have met Mademoiselle *****. There was not a corner of the house that escaped me, but I could not set eyes on her; I was tormented with the keenest impatience for more than a quarter of an hour, which made it appear ten times longer. At last the noise in a small box which opens upon the stage made me turn my head on that side: I perceived a prodigious forest of feathers that appeared upon a head which stooped to preserve the delicate structure in passing the door, and was the reason that I could not recollect the features of the face. When she sat down with a certainty of leaving a distance of two inches between the summit of the plumage and the ceiling of the box, she could then sit upright, and I recollected the object of my conquest

quest. A rich stream of diamonds covered her bosom; two immense girandoles seemed rather like loads than ornaments to her ears, and a chain of large links passed sloping from her right breast to her left side.

As the infamous magnificence of these beauties declares the rate of follies they expect to have committed to obtain their favour, so much splendour both dazzled and frightened me at the same time. "What a number of diamonds, said I to the Doctor, with a faltering voice! 'tis incredible." A Russian, says he, is the author of all this magnificence, which surprizes you. Would you believe it, all this has cost the fair one only a few hours condescension. To tell you the truth, you must have hit her fancy strangely, that she makes such advances to you. You may flatter yourself with the thoughts of having won the affections of a person whose favours some lovers of the highest rank have fruitlessly solicited: I am certain that interest has no weight in this business. — Such discourse tickled mine ears, and could not fail to make the impression upon my mind, which the speaker expected. — You must think, nevertheless, continued he, with seeming zeal and reflection, that a woman so handsome and so courted, has
a cer-

a certain rank to support: A furnished house and other considerable expences. My dear Lord, such is the ton here, and no one can exempt himself from it. If you have only to contribute to this expence, you come very well off, and it is the least thing you can do for one, who in loving you for your own sake, as she does, renounces several very considerable advantages.

In speaking thus, the Doctor had infallibly discovered in my eyes that the fish was fairly hooked. All on a sudden he left me;—I very soon observed him at the other side of the house discoursing the fair ***, whom he certainly congratulated on her success in having wounded my heart. In about ten minutes he returned to me again, and putting on a look of wonder and satisfaction,—You are, says he, in accosting me, the most fortunate of men; this poor child has only one fear; she is afraid you will not reply with all the warmth with which you have inspired her; but I think I know better, and I told her that I had a higher opinion of your taste, and could answer for your sensibility. This good news raised her to the skies;—of all the creatures in the world she has the greatest share of tenderness and gratitude! behold this beautiful

D

etwee,

etwee, it is both valuable and in good taste; she would put it into my hands as a precious remembrance of the happiest day of her life. This girl, my Lord . . . Ah! she is soul to her fingers ends. Every syllable, uttered by the gentleman who attentively observed me, redoubled the intoxication with which he saw my senses agitated. Without the tender glances which came from the opposite side of the house to ease my amorous torments in the balcony, I should not have known when the piece was finished. I thought twenty times, that by the violence of my sighs I should have interrupted the actors.

It is a droll affair to see an Oxford scholar the first time he swallows in deep draughts the poisonous prostituted love of the enchantresses of the opera; he becomes a dupe with the most inconceivable ardour and folly:—it was in truth my very situation. The vanity with which my title inspired me; the contents of my pocket-book, my train, the submissive manners of the Doctor; even my fine cloaths, and the elegant structure which the *Sieur Toupee* had erected upon my head, compleatly turned my brain. Of all the fools that has ever crossed the Straights of Calais, not even excepting Lord D . . . T, I was by much the most
extra-

extravagant. At last the curtain dropt, I immediately gained the passage, and hurrying on at the expence of the toes and elbows of a number of spectators, to whom I made aukward apologies in passing, I arrived at the stair-case time enough to offer my hand to my fair mistress.

Unfortunately the stair was steep and winding, and I was so elevated with joy, that by my not observing the train of her gown, which was under my feet, I got so entangled in it, that when somebody at that instant pushed me behind, I tumbled headlong about ten steps; and to add to my misfortune, love had so locked the hand of Mademoiselle * * * in mine, that dragging her after me, we rolled down together. During the passage which this fall occasioned, the disorder of her cloaths displayed some charms to the spectators, gratis; the sight of which costs so dear in other circumstances. We got up in such confusion, as such a catastrophe could not fail to occasion, and amidst the laugh and shoutings which it excited, we had a good deal of difficulty to reach the gate. My indulgent companion presumed sufficiently on my future liberalities to forgive this first blunder; instead of reproaches, she only shewed that she was much vexed. She was very soon sur-

rounded by a number of good friends, who pitied her with a malicious equivocal compassion, while their hoarse pipes were squeaking around her, Ah! my God! my dear, how did it happen? Are you not hurt? *Will you have a little Cologne water?* As for me, having drawn an immense roll of English sticking plaster out of my pocket, I presented it to her trembling. Eh! my God, Mr. Englishman, cried a droll fellow a few paces from me; that is only the form of the plaster which the lady applies to her wounds. Happily at last, the Stentor of Parisian Savoyards cried out, my Lord's coach. My companion got rid of her officious friends. With our eyes on the ground, we passed through a double rank of laughers, leaving Mademoiselle ***'s chariot for the Doctor to carry home the little Julia, who had accompanied her to the theatre.

Having taken shelter in our carriage from the shower of sarcasms which our fall had rained upon us, I did every thing in my power to make my fair one forget the accident of the stair case: collecting with incredible efforts all the polite terms of gallantry, which I could gather from Boyer's Dictionary, and the first lesson of the Abbe F . . . , I lisped a foolish apology in the most pitiful and confused jargon, and

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as I suspected that my words were scarce intelligible, I added such gestures as I thought were proper to express their signification. The mild and gentle goodness with which she received my penitence and eager desires, transported me with joy. We were already got into Richlieu-street, and entering the house we remained alone for some minutes.

The feeble resistance which the beautiful creature opposed to my amorous assaults, had set me on fire, and I was become much more hardy; when at that instant, the old lady made her appearance: — she affected to be displeased with such a *tete-a-tete*, and in a harsh tone of voice, bid her daughter go and undress herself; — she went away, turning from me with a look of melancholy regret.

Remaining with the discreet and prudent dowager, like a novice indeed, I endeavoured by the most earnest protestations to appease that anger, which she did not intirely conceal. Not being able to prevail with the old lady to unbend the severity of her wrinkled front, I was about to abandon the enterprize with equal chagrin, and impatience, when my illustrious and prudent support, the adorable Doctor arrived. My look of astonishment and

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the angry silence of the mother, presented such an unexpected appearance both in the one and the other, that he was impatient to know the cause, and hastily asking some questions he induced her to come to an immediate explanation.

The old lady affecting to compose herself a little? You know very well, Doctor, says she, that my daughter is not in a situation to play the fool. I can very easily perceive that she is fallen in love with my Lord, but it is my duty to watch over her with a motherly care. What would a certain person who supports us at the Opera, say, if he was to hear of such a foolish business? I can very well believe, that my Lord is too much of a gentleman to deceive us; but that is not enough: we are not in a situation to give way to occasional attachments. Unfortunately, a woman who has once got upon the stage, cannot follow her own taste and inclinations, without being secured In one word, Doctor, you, who are a man of sense, and know the world, will not surely blame me for being so justly alarmed."

Without making any reply to her, the judicious son of Esculapius explained what she had said, which some interruptions
had

had hindered me from comprehending, with such an able commentary, that I was determined without delay to offer some convincing proofs of my constancy and sincerity. I took out of my pocket-book, a bill for a thousand louis d'ors, and reaching it to the merciless and artful harpy, I made some excuses for my want of French. Oh! pardon me, my Lord, I understand you wonderfully well, replied she, but I pray you do not suspect me of being mercenary. It is so natural for a mother to secure the fortune of her daughter! We see every day such numberless treacheries! Likewise, you know that youth does not last for ever: I approved, with a nod of my head, the soundness of her reasons. Besides, continued she, in a soothing manner, the sacrifice of youth and beauty could not be made to one more deserving than you. It is well that I take this opportunity of acquainting you before-hand, that my daughter is delicate upon this head even to a degree of folly; if she had any suspicion of this proof you have been just giving of your gallantry for her, all would be ruined. The poor girl blushes at meer nothings;—would you think, that to support the appearance we are obliged to make in the world, I am forced to conceal from her

those marks of favour which she receives? I pray you then do not mention it to her. However palpable the snare, she deceived my excessive credulity; and, like a true gudgeon, I equally admired the generous sentiments of the daughter, and the no less prudent demeanour of the mother, and squeezing her by the hand, my heart became still lighter than my pocket-book.

Mademoiselle ***** and the little Julia returned at that instant, and immediately after we were told that supper was upon the table. If joy and pleasure, even to intoxication, had been admitted but by degrees the night before; upon this occasion it suddenly assumed that character. We were just in the middle of the desert when somebody came and whispered Mademoiselle Julia that she was impatiently expected at home. She instantly rose up, and the gallant Doctor offering his services to conduct her, his proposal was accepted.

He was a great while gone, and mamma said she was so fatigued with sitting up late the preceding evening, that leaning back upon the Sopha, she fell to snoring with all her might. In proportion as she got into a sound and deep sleep, we became more lively and awake. A sudden

den start, which opened the ears and eyes of the Duenna, interrupted our toying. Go to bed, mamma, said the daughter, in pushing her foot against hers, you sleep sitting. Fy! it is not pretty. Presently, my girl, she replied, with her mouth open and tongue faltering. She had scarcely pronounced these words, when, sinking on her seat, she snored louder than before, Oh! mamma, this is unsufferable! are not you ashamed? said Mademoiselle *****, in pushing her arm, here is your candle. Come, come, answered the mother, rising and rubbing her eyes, and then yawning as if she would dislocate her jaws, I don't know what makes me so sleepy to-night, says she, but, my children, you will wait for the Doctor; however, be wise,—and then wishing me a friendly good-night, she shut the door and retired. For the present all is well, said Mademoiselle *****. We renewed the discourse we had begun, with a great deal of vivacity. If my phrases were imperfect and incorrect, my gestures, as they had been in the carriage, supplied the want of language. In such a situation, it may perhaps be an advantage to be ignorant of the language, and, upon more occasions than one, it has brought matters sooner to a conclusi-

on. In the mean time, such agreeable entertainment made the hours glide swiftly away, and I was uneasy at my companion not having returned. I rung the bell, — instead of one of the lacquies that used to answer, I saw a great clumsy Abigail, who told me, smiling, that the Doctor said he would not return, and that he had sent home my equipage: then turning to her young mistress, with a look of surprise, she added with a timid stammering voice, Does not my Lord sleep here? Eh! I don't know, replied she, with some emotion, and darting a look at me, as he pleases . . . but mamma . . . Adsbudikins! your mamma, said the impudent jade, is asleep, she would not hear if it thundered, and to-morrow it will be day. Oh! let me alone to manage her; when she wakes, the birds shall be flown. What is done is done; and you are such good friends; why all this ceremony? How she settles this matter, said Mademoiselle, trying to blush, and squeezing my hand with such ardour, that I broke loose in bold and passionate caresses. Patience, patience, cried the vulgar waiting-maid, stay till bye and bye. Come, Mademoiselle, come along till I undress you. At these words she dragged her away to put her to bed, with a loud indecent laugh, recommending

mending me to be quiet, and she would very soon come and bring me to wish her a good night.

In fact, it was not long before she returned; and here I finish my second day, drawing a veil over the realities and the dreams of this night of happiness.

DAY the THIRD.

What happened on my awaking—A singular and dangerous visit—A cheat of a different kind.

A RAY of the sun penetrating into the alcove between the curtains, which were not close drawn, fell upon my eyes, and made me perceive that it was day. The object of my amorous intoxication had measured how far it might bear, and was too expert a mistress of her business to exhaust its fumes at once; she immediately rang the bell. The fat two-handed wench of a maid came in. She had taken care to set every thing near me I wanted. With her assistance I rose, and bating a little disorder in my hair, was in a condition to go out in a morning dress which had been brought me.

Mean time somebody knocked rudely at the door—the maid run thither.—I saw her return with a rueful length of face, holding a paper in her hand, which she gave her mistress; who having cast her eyes over it, with an air of no less consternation, uttering a sorrowful and bitter sigh, cried, Ah! my God! shew him

him in; but at least let him give me time to get out of bed. At these words she hastily got up, and huddling on a dishabille, threw herself into an easy chair, where she sat in gloomy silence.—I told her, that if she had any business, which it was improper for me to overhear, I would go and leave her at liberty.—No, not at all, cried she, squeezing my hand, and giving her countenance the most disconsolate air possible,—’tis nothing, stay.

—The maid introduced a crabbed-looking man, in a mean dress.—So, Mr. Rag, you are very uneasy about a trifle, said my Goddess, peevishly, how can you tease me in this manner?—

You have chosen your time very ill.—

What! make me get out of bed for such a paltry affair.—Excuse me, Madam, replied he, with a sullen and profound bow—It is past twelve, and I did not think I should come so unseasonably.—

You are in a great hurry then!—No man is a less importunate creditor than I, Madam; but, on my conscience, the times are so hard; I have run over the whole neighbourhood, I have been to twenty of your ladies before I came to you, and have not been able to collect a single *sous* in my whole round. Besides you know very well your little private bill is running

on

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on—in sincerity I can no longer go without the money.—However, you must wait a little longer.—I cannot, I am very sorry—'tis with pain I should find myself obliged to take any methods disagreeable to you.—After some pretty smart expressions, by which the dialogue was heightened on both sides; the creditor retired with threats.—My God! cried the fair one, should my mamma know of this!—Grief drew tears from her eyes.—The maid, pale and terrified, bore part in the sorrow of her mistress. Alas, Madam, what is to be done!—That cursed fellow Rag is as deaf to reason as a Swiss —Well! run and give him my bracelets. The gesture with which this was accompanied, shewed me plainly the scheme, and discovered that they had played the part of sharpers, and nothing remained for me but to continue that of the dupe, which I had so admirably begun. However, it was not thus, I qualified matters in my delirium, I eagerly stopped the trinkets; and taking up the bill which lay on the toilet, I perceived at the bottom, a total of two thousand livres tournois. With as much warmth as pride, I gave orders to run after the insolent creditor, and declared it was only a trifle:

a trifle :—that order was seized with avidity, and executed with still more speed, by the ready hand-maid. The mistress, with all the transport of extreme affliction, had made some steps towards the door, in order to stop her course, but it was too late, and then returning to me, protested that she would not suffer an indignity that might bring her pure and disinterested tenderness under suspicion. I insisted, in terms of the utmost humility; she gave way to the most excessive sorrow, and almost tore her hair; at last good Mr. Rag returned. Encouraged by the servant to overrule the scruples of my too delicate mistress, I did not make him languish in expectation. At the expence of the greatest part of the money I had in my pocket, his discharge was put into my hands. Nothing could equal the joy of the creditor: he assured me that I had saved his credit and his fortune, and retired, after making a hundred bows as humble as hypocritical; for among these ladies, what seems to go out at one door, often comes in again at another. The reader will see whether I have not had reason to believe the pretended Mr. Rag, to have acted in concert with my Dulcineas, and poured my money into the
coffers

coffers of the industrious and artful Mamma.

I took inexpressible pains to console my nymph for the favour I had just done her, and my protestations began to produce some good effect, when Fanchon re-appeared with the chocolate. Sancta Maria, Mademoiselle, cried she, sure you have reason for all these tears?—They that have plenty bestow on their neighbours. My Lord has done this with so good a grace, that it is plain it has given him no trouble. Long live the English! they'll sooner pay a hundred pistoles, than another will a compliment; talk to me of that.—Stop your foolish tattle, cried Mademoiselle ***, and wiping her eyes, made her deep melancholy give way to the fondest endearments. The sky being thus cleared we sat down to breakfast.

The fair one begun to accustom herself to my bad French. Our conversation turned upon the subjects most interesting to a fine lady, dress, furniture, jewels, carriages, and spirited horses. We were considering the last of these objects, when the Doctor came. His face wore an air of triumph, which seemed to participate of mine. He fitted his tone and
his

his behaviour to the agreeable circumstances of the morning. At last the pleasantries were exhausted. When a girl like Mademoiselle * * * has brought an interesting subject on the carpet, she does not easily let it drop; the chapter of carriages was therefore resumed and examined to the bottom. I shall omit the detail which the Doctor entered into upon that head, and only tell the reader, that with great address, they disposed me to eclipse the splendour of that profusion which Lord E * * * T * * * lavished on the goddesses who the day before had been so disagreeably turned out from the *boulevard*, and even of all those instances of prodigality that have distinguished our illustrious countrymen in the streets of Paris.

I quitted Mademoiselle * * *, and parted from the Doctor for some hours. — Swelled with a ridiculous pride, or rather with a frantic vanity, I hurried away to realize the scheme they had insinuated. I wanted to unite the pleasure of surprize to the merit of my profusion. The Esculapius was not in the secret, and by the cares of my dextrous and active Provencal, assisted with a new fragment of my pocket book, six superb
coursers

courfers were lodged in Mademoiselle * * * 's stable, and a magnificent Berlin in her coach-house occupied the place of a scanty diligence in the English fashion, which was returned to the coach-hirer.

I was in my own apartment, applauding myself for so finished a piece of folly, when the Sieur Gardel came to give me my lesson. The Doctor arrived——he was yet unacquainted with my magnificent gallantry.——The gigantic Esculapius and the mountebank, vied with each other in expressing their ecstasy at the display of my rising graces. At last, intoxicated with their praises, I dressed myself magnificently, in order to go out.——We were to pay a visit to the Baron de * * *, where I was invited to dinner.——One of my servants announced Major Staggs;—though unacquainted with me he addressed me familiarly, and passed himself for a countryman, who, warm in his affections, was ready to make the first advances, and desirous of introducing me to a share in the pleasures of all the brilliant circles in which he was installed.

Had I not then been in a paroxysm of madness, I should have discovered in his
figure

figure every symptom of knavery, and from his cormorant air, penetrated the motives of his visit. But my stupid vanity had been so exalted by the under-trappers who beset me, that through its veil I could only see prevention of friendship, and even homage.—The Major entertained me with political news, and then talked of play. He discussed this last subject like a master, and laid the scene of his exploits in places so august, that, considering my little experience, it was intirely impossible for me to form the least dishonourable suspicion of him.—I did not know that an embroidered cheat, by the help of a sum of money, and a pack of cards, sets himself down every day by the side of a Prince, and enters into familiarity with *Highbnesses*, and that there is no where less distinction among men, than in the places where *Pharaoh* makes one of the most important occupations of life.

Our conversation went no farther; the Major took his leave, after having assured me of the pleasure it would give him to meet me after dinner at the Baron's; to which he added, the agreeable proposal of spending the evening with him, and a select company of our country-

try-men; "at least, my Lord," continued he, "till the moment when pleasure shall bring you back to the arms of love."—These last words were uttered with a very affected giggle, and a sly look; which first fixing upon me, afterwards fell upon the Doctor.—While listening to him I carried my folly to the highest pitch.—My frivolity exceeded a hundred times the levity of the most finished French coxcomb, and I fancied myself a man initiated in all the most refined mysteries of the *Scavoir Vivre*, and even ready to lead the fashion in it.

As the Doctor was an habitual guest at the Baron's table, the reader will not be surprized to find him accompany me without ceremony.—The entertainment was elegant—but the ardour for play, which defrayed the expence of the repast, abridged it greatly. I was seated by a young man of an amiable figure, and a decent and pleasing behaviour.—Stranger, as I was to the world, I easily perceived that he was still less acquainted with it than I. He talked of play with passion, and by his whole conversation, which turned upon nothing else, shewed that his fondness for it rose to phrenzy: had not his countenance at the same time borne decisive marks of ingenuity and

and candour enough to dissipate all prejudice, he might have been classed with the F * * *, but he was still only in the rank of dupes. His discourse was mixed with much indiscretion, and still more vanity; above all, he attached a prodigious value to the chance of fortune, and he could not speak three words without boasting of his own.—To all the awkwardness of a novice, like myself, he joined the childishness of an only son, spoiled in his father's house by a domestic tutor, unacquainted with mankind, and whose long infancy must consequently be lost in manhood. I naturally looked down upon such a character with pity: blind as I was to my own conduct, I reasoned justly enough, which is but too common, on that of my neighbours. I was struck with the young man's appearance, and on rising from table, asked the Doctor who he was, when I learned that he was a rich West-Indian, whose father, however, had lavished away triple the fortune he had left his son.

It was not long before all the guests were engaged at whist. Chance, as I thought, had arranged the actors: we were in want of ladies.—The baroness made a party with three old gentlemen, long intimates in the family. I found
myself

myself partner with my young neighbour at dinner, against the master of the house, and a huge lank-sided figure, of affected phrase and drawling tone, who called himself the Marquis de ***. The similarity of names made me presume he was related to Colonel ***, nor was I mistaken; it was his son. When the play began, I perceived with what difficulty the young impetuous Raw could restrain his gaming petulant spirit; it was irritated by the studied procedure of a game of combination, and he sighed for those where the chance was more simple and more rapid. As the cards fell, his imagination painted to him the chances at *vingt un*, or *trente et quarante*; these foreign speculations are incompatible with whist, and accordingly our antagonists made their advantage of it.

The young man doubled on my stake, which was considerable, and worthy of the rage and calculating genius of the Baron;—his madness for chances had drawn him in still farther to lay wagers, capable of decupling his loss.—In a few games I lost a hundred louis; what young Raw had ventured was pocketed by the worthy son of the Colonel, who making his bow, offered with an ironical air to give him three or four lessons a week.

Major

Major Staggs, who entered a little before, having walked round the saloon, had stopped to see the end of our game. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "as whist has been your enemy, you must repair your luck at *vingt un*." He then conducted us to a long table spread, in a *Cul de lampe*, which formed the bottom of the apartment we were in.—It was soon surrounded by ten or twelve actors. I there passed two hours between the Major and the imprudent Raw. The first loaded me with caresses and professions of friendship: he had the complaisance to teach me to calculate and foresee my strokes; thanks to his advice, I got up nearly as I sat down to play. He told me it was time to go, and treading on the cards, with which the floor of the saloon was already deluged, I followed him with young Raw, and my worthy and liege physician.

We flew to the Major's lodgings at the Hotel de York, where he expected that evening, what he called the flower of our countrymen. It was not long before the circle was complete. I there knew Sir Walter Whim, as well as young Ross, a Scotch gentleman of immense fortune, whose extreme youth then made him, like me, fit for receiving every impression, and
falling

falling into every snare. As a check upon three imprudent monkeys, the Major had opposed five or six of those knowing travellers, who continually make the round from Paris to London, from London to Spaw, and fixing their head-quarters in each of these, periodically transport themselves to every place where a concourse of company brings young people of family to be polished, and money to be gained.

Not to scare the game, the time before supper was passed in a conversation upon matters of gallantry; which is ordinarily the first bait thrown out by these illustrious personages to decoy youth. My feats had made a noise; my magnificence, or rather my follies, divulged by the voice of scandal, had established me a brilliant reputation, and announced a character which these honest gentlemen had proposed to turn to account.—Heads furnished like theirs, could neither undertake nor support a serious conversation. La *** was dazzling to-day at Lord ***'s, said one of the assistants. “Yes, upon my honour,” replied Sir Walter, forcing a little the frozen insipid tone of voice in which he almost constantly speaks. “Sir Walter,” said the Major, “she has shot you, ’ware your phlegm—No I swear to you—How! *I swear to you*, why you begin

gin to grow warm, *I swear to you*, is something extraordinary, and betrays a troubled soul: Sir Walter, Sir Walter, you have received a mortal wound.—But whatever be in that, continued he, there's a certain cock-nosed keen-looking lively little rogue, to whom I would give the apple: but hush, added he, looking at me, the Paris of that adventure is not far off; and, for a beginner, the place has been besieged with as much eclat as success.—These words drew every eye upon me.—The devil! my Lord, cried the lank-sided formal Marquis, how! you have established yourself there! my God! what magnificence! why, there was enough to conquer half the Opera.—But who was the woful stupid Mercury that could lay you into so capital a blunder with regard to the current prices?—Here I observed the Doctor grow pale, and blaming in my heart the Count's indiscretion, I hastened to draw him out of the scrape.—“ Marquis, said I, I gratify my own taste without assistance or advice.”—“ So much the worse, my Lord, so much the worse, you will spoil us all those princesses.”

We sat down to table, and talked nonsensically till the desert. Then the vapours of the wine, and the effervescence

of our brains animating the conversation, it acquired an unbridled and disgusting licentiousness, which inspired the toasts that were put round, and these coming in rapid succession, gave us up without defence, and destitute of reason, to the designs of the Major.

The Sophisticated wines I had drank were followed by the distilled poisons invented by debauch.—From the table we made but one leap to seat ourselves round a green cloth. The Major poured out before him a considerable quantity of gold, at the sight of which young Raw's eyes opened to double their usual orbit: he staked ten louis, which were immediately covered. The sober and prudent Doctor suspected how this first essay would succeed, and ventured five—they won. The Baronet, the Scotchman, and I entered insensibly into the game: it favoured us too. Our brains heated by success, we plunged deeply into it, and luck immediately turned. In a short time, the strong waters, which had staggered our senses, being put into greater fermentation by heady punch, which we swallowed without thinking of it, we neither saw nor acted but with disorder and confusion. We grew more eager as our losses increased: our money, our notes, our words escaped

caped from our frantic hands and stam-
 mering tongues. In vain would the rea-
 der expect a detail of this horrid evening.
 My confused reason cannot recollect the
 particulars; yet I have no less reason to
 blush for having so intirely drowned it,
 as absolutely to forget what charitable
 hands carried me without sence, and de-
 prived of every faculty, out of this
 shameful and infamous den.

DAY THE FOURTH.

A disagreeable waking. My Losses recovered only in appearance.

AFTER the oppressive stupifying sleep of drunkenness, I opened my eyes, which were weak and enflamed;—heavy, sick, and perplexed, I heard the clock strike one;—I got out of bed, where I was burning hot and restless:—my tottering lips still bent under me. In proportion as the chaos of my thoughts cleared up, and my memory became disencumbered from the vapours of wine, I endeavoured to recollect my last actions of the day, or rather of last night, and I could trace nothing back but the most frightful confusion: I even was afraid to go in quest of the distressing truth across this maze of darkness. In this perplexity I had no other resource but to send for the Doctor.

“ Well! my dear Lord,” says he, “ I see you are sick and fatigued;—ah!” continued he, with an affected sorrow, “ see what it is to give up both health and money, full swing, without the smallest reserve. The sum which you have lost to be sure is considerable, but if it proves an
useful

useful lesson to you, and you profit by it, you have by no means paid too dear for it."—How say you! I have lost a considerable sum?—The money that I had in my pocket could not exceed fifty louis-d'ors.—Why surely, my Lord, you do not reflect: in truth you forgot your usual good sense;—I was tired making signs to you, but nevertheless you would still persist. However, you are not the only, nor the most unfortunate sufferer;—Sir Walter, and the hot-headed Ross, were sharers with you in your misfortune. Sir Walter lost eighteen hundred guineas, and Ross seven thousand, and you . . . How I!—Yes, even you my Lord; have you forgotten with what frenzy you still persevered, and every time that you lost, you continued to lay double. I cannot refuse to do justice to the Major as a fair player; yet it is incredible to think with what constancy fortune favoured him.—I have indeed some slight remembrance of his having gained something of me on my word.—How! three thousand guineas, something! ah! my Lord.—Three thousand said I with surprise!—Yes, just so much; I am sorry for it, but it is true nevertheless. I remained dumb and quite stupified. I was waked out of my reverie by the coming of the little Scotchman, who

had lost seven thousand guineas. The sight of a man, who has been more unfortunate than ourselves, apparently alleviates our disgrace. The thought of his losses roused me so as to make me get up to receive him.

Ross was pale, worn and fatigued as much as I was; but I very soon observed that his spirits were supported by anger. My lord, said he, at entering the door, by all that is good we were pillaged, murdered, and assassinated; we last night fell into the snare of a gang of sharpers. Pardon me, Doctor, you made one of the set, and that frequently happens to be your case, but I except you. You pocketed something and I am willing to believe that you won it fairly, but it suits very ill with a man of your profession to be the supporter of a gaming-house.—Sir, replied the physician very seriously, who had at first been disconcerted by this apostrophe, you wander exceedingly in talking after this rate of those with whom you was in company last night: as for me, I may presume to go.—Yes, to your patients at this instant, replied the angry Scot. But what signifies that to me,—'tis to you my Lord I come, to declare openly that as to the money which I had in my pocket, I consent with all my heart that it should be
filched

filched from me; it is but a just punishment for letting myself be seduced into such a cut throat place; but as for the seven thousand guineas which the Major asserts to have been lost to him as a debt of honour,—may the earth swallow me up, if the scoundrel shall ever see one penny. They had so confounded my reason, and stupified my senses, that I did not know whether I played for seven thousand, or seven million of guineas, and they were not ashamed to play us a thousand sharping tricks while we were in that situation.

Sir, answered the Doctor in a milder tone than before, I dare assure you that you owed that sum at going away;—I was perfectly sober.—I did not go away Doctor, I was carried, and your sobriety shall add no value to your evidence, I reject it. My Lord, continued he, without seeming to mind how the other relished what he had said, I am resolved to come to every extremity, rather than abandon to these plunderers the smallest atom of their prey;—I hurried here to acquaint you with it, and to advise you to follow my example.

The violent Ross was in this part of his conversation; when in came Sir Walter. His long melancholy countenance, always cold and unchangeable, seemed not to be affected with sentiment or any kind of

emotion. Well! Sir Walter, said I, what do you think of our misfortune?—I think no more of it, I have paid.—Paid, cried the enraged Rofs! very well, every one may allow himself to be pillaged that pleases; but may I be treated with the utmost contempt, if such knaves shall ever see one halfpenny of the money they would have trapped from me. Some such suspicions came in my head, replied the Knight, with his usual phlegm, but I have been reflecting that when such people as we have been guilty of a folly, and can get out of the scrape for money, the best way is to swallow it in silence, and never return again.

This manner of taking things is both noble and judicious, and truly worthy of you Sir Walter, said the Doctor with some warmth;—if these gentlemen (which God forbid that I should believe) had been capable of tricking you, that method is still the only one that remains to be taken. O my liege fellow, Rofs cried in squinting at him, you have your reasons for so highly approving a little silly pride, which these villains have an interest in crying up; but I would have you to know, that these impudent sharpers shall not make a harvest of seven thousand guineas with impunity. Liberty, liberty!
let

let every one take his own way, but for my part I am resolved.—If I was capable of such a folly;——my guardian The Major is too reasonable a man, replied the other, not to enter into an accommodation with you, and to be satisfied with some acknowledgment until you are of age to You may assure him from me, he shall have neither the one nor the other. He then made a motion towards me, and I got up, as I imagined he was going away. When I was accompanying him to the door, he advised me in the strongest terms, not to be the dupe of such a *crew*; I repeat his own expression. As for him, he swore that he was resolved, and truly the unfortunate Major found him undaunted. After some swaggering threats, and a pretended pursuit to England, which terminated at Calais, he is returned empty handed and high crested, to resume his courses among the gay world with his former associates.

What a madman! said the Doctor when I returned.—Till then, I had preserved a profound silence. I will confess to you with the greatest candour, my dear Doctor, replied I, that I see some reason for his resolution. To be sure the conduct of Sir Walter is more honourable, but I must say that I join in the suspicions of the

other, although I am resolved to follow the Baronet's example. The Doctor was impatient to resume the discourse :——I plainly perceive sentiments worthy of your noble birth ; I was vexed to see your infatuation that would push a run of bad luck ; I was grieved at your loss, but I cannot help admiring both of you for having determined to behave like men of prudence, and men of honour. Well, my dear friend, discharge this debt of three thousand guineas, that it may be no more mentioned. With a slow and trembling hand I took some bills out of my pocket-book, which shrunk apace, and delivered them to him with the deepest regret. Such a sacrifice was very far from procuring me the same satisfaction as the one made to Mademoiselle ; a heavy sigh escaped me, and I bitterly lamented the time that was let slip, and the money which was lavished, and not in her company.

The noise of a carriage was heard in the court ;——what was my surprise and joy when I saw her get out ! Undoubtedly the God of Love, jealous of the sacrifice which the deity of thieves and sharpers, who sometimes shares with him in this capital, had surprised from me, was come to reclaim my homage. The fair creature all
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in tears rushed into my arms. Good God! my dear friend! what is this the Doctor has been telling my mamma this morning? What! was it to go and make a sacrifice of yourself at *trente et quarante* last night that I was forsaken? Alas! what have I not suffered! Do you know this is the way to ruin yourself? What do you propose doing?—It is nothing, replied I, pressing her tenderly by the hand—or but a trifle added the Doctor haughtily; three thousand louis-d'ors will not make my Lord startle:—the only regret that he can possibly feel, is the not having made a better use of them, continued he, with an air of mystery. Undoubtedly, said I, upon that condition I could bear the loss. I am not very rich said the fair one affectedly, but I hope my Lord reckons sufficiently upon my attachment, to Here the heroine cast down her eyes, and appeared oppressed by the load of sentiment which obliged her to speak. At sight of this I became excessively affected, and not suspecting any thing of this new way of sowing to reap again, I hastened to comfort her by displaying to her view eight hundred pieces in gold, and about six thousand more in paper.

At viewing this treasure the roses of her complexion revived, and fixing her eyes upon

upon such a precious fund, she persuaded me of the interest she took in my affairs; her tender protestations began to banish from my mind the remembrance of my misfortune and folly, and were ended with an assurance that I would do myself the pleasure of waiting on her in the evening; I went out in a little time after, to go to dine with Count

He had assembled a numerous company, composed almost entirely of the same people that I had seen at the Baron's. I observed that the old Colonel was as much master here, as the Doctor was at the other place. A most sumptuous dinner was served up. Every thing in this house declared that they did honour to the succession of the old banker, by the perfect contrast of all the ways he had taken to accumulate for half a century. Play succeeded here likewise to good cheer, and for the present I did wonderfully well; besides the ready money, which might amount to two hundred louis-d'ors, I found at going away that I had won about fifteen hundred more upon credit, from the Marquis de A very wonderful affair, and scarce to be believed was, this Marquis, son-in-law of the Baron, was a Gascon, and the people of this province are supposed to have the talent of commanding

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ing fortune equal to the Piedmontese. After having gained such a remarkable victory, I made a signal to the Doctor, and we went away.

Well, said he, you see that fortune is equally inconstant at play as in war. Another such meeting as this, and you will have entirely effaced the remembrance of your last night's adventure. You can't think how I am delighted with this turn of fortune. I thanked him very calmly. Happy character, cried he, always the same in prosperity and adversity! With this sort of chat we passed the time till we got to Mademoiselle ***'s. My chearful serene looks, aided with a glance from the eye of the Doctor, made them divine at my entering that I brought good news; —he immediately informed the ladies.— Oh! how am I delighted said Mademoiselle, loading me with caresses, but after this you must be wise and leave off play. —I am very much of that opinion added the prudent Doctor.—As for a little party, such as our *vingt-un* the other night, replied the mother with an affected air, that does no harm, one can go to bed after that, as if nothing had happened. She then gave vent to a parcel of pathetic common place sayings against the fatal effects
of

of gaming, and was not sparing of anecdotes which the physician took care to soften by some limitations which he was impatient to subjoin. This conversation was continued till supper was pretty well over;—at every stroke of morality which the old lady let fly at me, the young one, leaning upon me with the most amorous glances, do you understand all this, said she, my good friend.

Thus the evening slipped away, and while I was delighted with the zeal of the ladies, the Doctor disappeared without acquainting me, and went home in my carriage. In a few minutes after I retired with Mademoiselle Well! said she, you have won then? Keep this money it will bring you good luck. Nothing more was wanted to inflame my prodigal temper, and for that very reason I would share my winnings with her. She refused it with warmth, and I was more than an hour before I could prevail with her;—yielding at last to my entreaties, I will keep it for you, said she, and if ever you are in ill luck you shall find it here. Delighted with her idea I gave her the whole sum, which she tumbled into her purse. The purse of an opera girl is like the gulph of Acheron, neither of them ever yield up
their

their prey. All the money of the Bank of England might get in, but to recover any, *hic labor, hoc opus est.*

Such was the fate of money gained with so much trouble and such good fortune. It will be seen that I was not more lucky in the use I made of that for which the Marquis was my debtor.

DAY

DAY the FIFTH.

*Stock-Jobbing. Great Business, a vexing
Discovery.*

I Left Mademoiselle next day about mid-day, and met the Doctor on entering the hotel. I was told at the gate that he had been waiting two hours with impatience. "My dear Lord, said he, I have been here a great while, and having an affair of consequence to communicate to you, I watched the moment of your return. I come from that unfortunate Marquis whom you treated so roughly yesterday at play. He came to me very early this morning;—poor man, how I pitied him! The people of this country have not such immense fortunes as in England. He is quite distracted. As the laws of honour ordain that he should pay you in twenty-four hours, he has been obliged to acquaint his father-in-law, the Baron de, with his distress. He undoubtedly thought he had reason to expect some assistance from his purse, but there he has likewise been deceived. Great as is the Baron's fortune, his enterprising spirit frequently occasions his

his coffers to be empty. The unfortunate Marquis does not know what to do.—

“ Well! let him take his own time, I am in no hurry for payment.” — That is very obliging, but allow me to speak to you ingenuously.

It is a bad maxim to let debts at play lie over; for it not only exposes one to give revenge, which makes an endless affair of it, but likewise deprives us of all our advantages:—your intention is not to spend your life at the gaming-table. Revolving the matter in my own mind, I have thought of a project by which you will be paid immediately, and even with considerable advantage; but I do not know whether it will be agreeable to you.— Explain yourself, Doctor, and I will give you my sentiments.— Besides, it may turn out so as to indemnify you the expences of your tour to Paris.— I understand you still less than before.— ’Tis true it requires a little patience, and likewise some small turn for speculation. Well, let us hear it.— I pray you, my dear Lord, if you please to attend; I have your interest at heart, and it is that only which has inspired me with the idea I am now going to mention to you; the thought is intirely my own: there is nothing

thing certain, but I have the strongest hopes of succeeding.

The Baron has certainly one of the ablest heads that nature ever organized: his speculations are equally deep and certain; besides the faith of the public flies to meet all his projects, and the most brilliant success has taught it to put a true value upon them:—upon this last occasion, he has even surpassed himself.

Spain has long concealed unknown treasures in the bowels of the earth, and while she has been employed at a very great expence in heaping up those of the new world, the others have lain neglected; but the eye of genius penetrates every where. The Baron, whose views never fail, suspects that there are more precious metals to be found in Spain than Peru and Potosi both produce †. There is a scheme on foot for opening these deep mines once more. This will require a great expence, and therefore must be supported by a powerful company, composed of a certain number of subscribers. This rich and well-founded enterprize has

† The author may be here charged with committing a mistake, for the mines of Potosi are in Peru; but perhaps he did this the better to expose the ignorance of the blundering cheat.

acquired the greatest credit. I have thought, my Lord, of taking the present opportunity to obtain a share for you of the immense riches which are here promised.—I cannot conceive how that is to be done.—Yet nothing in the world can be more simple. The fifteen hundred louis d'ors which is owing you, shall serve for a part of this valuable acquisition. Perhaps you will be obliged to add something, but it is money well laid out. I presume sufficiently upon my credit with the Baron, to engage him to transfer one of the subscriptions which still remains in his hands, to you.—Truly, my dear Doctor, you are an admirable fellow: Do you imagine that the Baron does not know the value of these shares too well, to let him consent to such a bargain? —Leave the management of that to me, he is as generous as he is wise, and no man can put a higher value upon liberal actions. He has the most tender affection for his family, and I will take it upon myself to let him know your behaviour to his son-in-law; nothing is wanting but a little address to manage this business. Do you know, my Lord, between ourselves, this will be a master-stroke! A residence in this capital, which proves
ruinous

ruinous to other people, will be a lucky period to you, by adding to your fortune; which, upon my honour, I believe infallible.—I deliver the management of my affairs intirely into your hands, said I to him, with thankfulness. The Doctor praised the goodness of my disposition, and congratulated himself upon the fortunate thought.

While he was gone to labour for so serious a purpose as the increase of my fortune, my usual employments engaged me for the morning, and I waited with impatience for the issue of a negotiation which made me look for such important advantages. The Doctor, who was not a less skilful agent than an expert Mercury, soon re-appeared, holding in his hand a very beautiful fragment of the mineral. Here, said he, is a specimen of the ore which has been taken from the inexhaustible source of your future riches; it is almost pure silver.—I looked attentively at this sample, which gave me an opinion of those hidden treasures that were concealed under the earth in Tobozo.—It will cost you some addition to the fifteen hundred louis, but that is only sowing to reap a hundred fold. Nobody could act more disinterestedly upon the occasion than the Baron;—every share is worth more than
a hun-

a hundred thousand livres tournois, upon the Exchange in this great city, and at that price people grasp at them, but he gives you this for twenty-four thousand crowns, which will be just an addition of fifteen hundred louis to the sum which is owing to you. While the Doctor was redoubling his persuasions, I was redoubling my folly and credulity. He carried me to take a family dinner at the Hotel de . . . , where there was some conversation on business, and I was loaded with caresses. In a few hours I quitted them with a fine castle in the air for my three thousand guineas, and my head filled with wind and chimeras.

I once more curtailed my pocket-book of fifteen hundred louis, which I was obliged to add to my winnings, and I thought I had struck a capital stroke. To a day, which was so distinguished by the smiles of fortune, succeeded an evening of the greatest dissipation. Considering my masterly speculation, my past pleasures had cost me so little, that I was resolved to multiply them in future. I run about to all the places of public entertainment, and, after having given a grand supper to Sir Walter, and some other friends, my senses warmed with good cheer, and my spirits animated with flatter-
tering

tering hopes, I got back to the happy street de Richlieu.

It was very late, and Mademoiselle having probably concluded that I was as seriously engaged as I had been two nights before with Major Saggs, she no longer expected me. However, observing by the windows of her apartment that there was still light, I went trippingly up stairs, and crossing the anti-chamber which the carelessness of the servants had left open, I penetrated without noise into the saloon; but what was my surprize and horror, when I perceived some unknown person upon a sofa in the arms of my mistress. My entrance put a stop to their pleasures—fear and confusion succeeded. This was not all; for I was struck dumb when the person who had been enjoying those rights which I thought were reserved for me alone, rose up and discovered his face. Rage and indignation rendered me quite stupid for a minute. He was no other person than the creditor for the small debt, the merciless Mr. Rag; but very different from what he appeared the day before. Elegant as a dancing-master, with hair dressed like an Abbe, he was so metamorphosed, that he must have been unknown to every eye but that of an enraged lover.

Being

Being a little recovered, I screamed aloud, and regaining the door, shut it with violence:—pensive and confused, I returned to my hotel, where I passed a sleepless night, distracted with jealousy and shame, at seeing myself so tricked. I did not conceive, at that time, that these accidents were common, and proved the ordinary catastrophe of all the intrigues which are entered into with the ladies of the Opera.

DAY the SIXTH.

*Bitter Reflections. A change of the Scene.
An honourable Visit. A Relapse.*

DURING the whole of this unhappy night, I experienced the most cruel and afflicting reflections. Though overwhelmed with shame at the thoughts of my being such a dupe, yet it was with difficulty that my struggling reason could get the better of my bewitched senses. At last my pride armed with reflection took the lead, and probably if I had not called the perfidious seducer of my youth to my assistance, the issue of this affair might have been sufficient to prevent any succeeding follies;—acquainted with the treacheries of mercenary love, I never once suspected that the appearance of friendship could be prostituted in the same manner. I accused the Doctor of being as credulous as myself, and my sincere and unsuspecting nature never once conceived a thought of his being an accomplice in a treachery of which I could scarce imagine the hideousness.

Early

Early in the morning I sent to enquire for him. I was impatient to give vent to my trouble and mortification in his bosom. The infallible prospect of all the wealth of Spain, might in vain flatter my avarice, and offer an ample indemnification for the money squandered upon Mademoiselle;—this is not the prevailing passion of a vain young man. My vanity was not by any means comforted, and it always returned to present a horrid and disgusting image to my resentment, although my jealousy was extinguished.

I expected the Doctor with the most anxious impatience; every instant seemed to be an age. At last he appeared half dressed, so violently had he been hurried by my messenger. Well said I, with a faltering accent confounded with passion, they have deceived me with the most affronting abuse; would you believe it? Who has? replied he, quite disconcerted. That abominable woman of whom you had so favourable an opinion.—Is that possible? Possible! it is a fact . . . This very night I surprised . . . oh I cannot tell you my just rage.—How, my Lord? I pray you explain yourself. What! my dear friend, a rascal, a pitiful scoundrel

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to whom but two days ago I paid a pretended debt. Ah! ha! I fall from the skies. O abominable sex, cried he, throwing up his eyes and joining his two enormous hands, these are your humours! Ah! what do you tell me! this girl whose sentiments had so deceived me! A number of these kind of women have their caprices, but she was one whom I never could have suspected.

We both looked at one another in silence for some time. The Doctor, putting on an air of reflection, at last spoke in a more assured tone.—After all, however disagreeable it may be, it is fortunate that you made the discovery, in time. You went on a little too fast; it would have been a great pity to have continued your generosity to so unworthy an object. Forgive to my friendship the freedom of the expression, but the shortest follies are the best.—Far from calming my rage, these last words of the Doctor made me appear silly in my own eyes; then flying out of the bounds in which I had hitherto restrained myself, I gave vent to ridiculous threats, and childish imprecations.—My sage Mentor employed all his eloquence to make me perceive the meanness, and even the danger of exposing her :

her: for which purpose he began to give me a detail of the infamous prerogatives of all the women whose names are inserted in the list of the Royal Academy of Music. At last by haranguing upon the consequences of a noise and scandal which was both indecent and unnecessary, he so far succeeded as to bring me a little to myself.

That seriousness which such circumstances had naturally introduced into our discourse, brought on a truce with that delirium to which I had been a prey from the first moment I had set foot in Paris, and it was in this first interval that I recollected that there was a Chevalier . . . lived there, to whom I had letters of recommendation from Lords Hol and Shel It was rather late to make use of them. If any thing could plead my excuse for this negligence, it was the never having once heard so respectable a name mentioned among all the originals with whom I had associated from the time of my arrival. I informed the Doctor of this;—O! my God, I am your man cried he, with emphasis; the Chevalier has not a dearer nor a better friend in the world than I am; why did you not mention this sooner? but it is not necessary

ry to tell him how long you have been in Paris.—Will he not know it, replied I? for it is one of the stupid conceits of all our giddy young men who make a splendid appearance, to imagine that the eyes of the whole world is attending them. He! no truly, replied the physician; he is a mortal absorbed in profound and abstract studies, who out of choice withdraws from the world, and whose social indolence always turns his eyes from what passes elsewhere.

Comforted by this description of the Chevalier . . . , I got into my carriage, under the escort of the Doctor, and we went to Neuilly. In fact the Doctor seemed to me to be exceeding familiar in the house. If the reception of the master had kept pace with that of the people whom we met at entering. I should have concluded that his credit was still greater with the Chevalier . . . than in the hotel de

At last the Chevalier appeared;—he seemed to be a man about forty, of a noble figure, whose countenance bore the strongest marks of benevolence and sensibility. The simplicity and ease of his manners soon banished all restraint. His great knowledge of the world, added to the
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the most amiable temper, and a superior understanding, fit him for every company, for every time, and every circumstance. I observed that he paid very great attention to the recommendations I had delivered. In a very little time, I was as much at my ease with him as a man could be, who had in his head such a dose of folly as was at that time fermenting in mine.

I was kept to dine with the Chevalier; —the guests who came there were men well known for their eminent talents, Messrs. . . ., . . ., the Chevalier . . .; but the gravity of the sciences, and the aukward manner which frequently accompanies deep and continued study, made no deviation from the politest manners among them. I regret excessively, that I had not laid in a sufficient stock of knowledge to relish the mixture of the useful with the agreeable, that I might have attached myself from that time to those people whose friendship I cultivate at present with equal profit and pleasure.

To this company was added that of another young gentleman. The moment that he arrived, the countenance of the master of the house seemed to expand; he appeared as much pleased as a father could

be with the sight of a son, for whom he had the most tender predilection. The long phiz of the long Doctor, on the contrary, appeared twice as long as usual. Without taking much notice of him, Bouillac (the young man) very soon bore a considerable part in the conversation. I could not help admiring the turn of his whole discourse, nor the extent of his immense and lively imagination. He spoke both the French language and ours with equal ease; and, as every object presented itself, he strewed with it with flowers, or sprinkled it with gall. He was hearkened to with pleasure, but it was not possible to avoid reproaching him in one's own mind, for that satirical turn which the Chevalier could not absolutely excuse in him, notwithstanding the excessive partiality he always seemed to entertain in his favour.

All the attempts which the Doctor made to give himself an appearance of consequence in this house; assisted by my prejudice in his favour, could not conceal from me the nothingness into which he sunk in presence of this assembly. He spoke not one word, and seemed to be quite annihilated. From the moment that Bouillac made his appearance, his decisive imperious air instantly vanished. Disconcerted

certed and trembling, from an apprehension of Bouillac's sarcastic turn, he had recourse to a clandestine portrait of the wit, which he whispered to me, representing him as a man more hateful and dangerous, than eloquent and ingenious.

I very soon discovered reasons for the Doctor's endeavouring to inspire me with such an idea. The satirical Bouillac most severely lampooned almost all the people to whom the Doctor had introduced me. He mentioned no names, but every dash of his pencil declared who they were. Although I have been able since that time to discover that it was an enthusiastic regard for good men, and a hatred against the worthless, which inspired him, I could not help frequently blaming him for the severity of the ridicule which he so freely scattered around him. As I was the Doctor's friend, and prepossessed in favour of those people whom Bouillac mangled, I detested a satirical temper, and was chiefly mortified at the contempt with which he seemed to include my companion in his censure. Nevertheless he spoke so exceeding well, that if I had not been prejudiced in favour of the people whom he was describing, instead of a violent and severe Juvenal, I should have thought him

an Addison in his most pathetic emotions. The Chevalier ** enquired what acquaintance I had made at Paris, and if I had got masters of every kind proper for instructing a young man of my rank. To prevent the detail which I might give in replying to all these questions, the Doctor took it upon him to answer them himself. He spoke of the progress I had made under the Abbe F . . . and the Sieur G . . . , and added that I was to go very soon to the academy of D . . . G . . . The chapter of the acquaintance he had procured for me was slightly touched. He spoke with some reserve of my connection with the Baron, and represented it as a thing purely accidental; and dexterously evading all mention of the mine of Tobozo; no notice was taken either of that wonderful acquisition, nor of the share which he had in procuring it.

While the physician was scampering over all these articles, Bouillac, with a malicious smile, multiplied his questions, and diverted himself with encreasing the Doctor's embarrassment. The Chevalier ** gravely put an end to his mauling skirmishes and perpetual ironies, by giving a more serious turn to the conversation. It would be much better, my Lord, if you fre-

frequented different circles from those into which you are fallen. In such you will not learn to know either the country nor its manners. Besides, take care, for rich and young as you are, you will meet with many snares; this country is full of them, but more especially among the women;—with the men you may lose your money, with them the risk is of greater consequence. Here, Bouillac looking at the Doctor, said, O! that is very well, what you lose with them, my Lord, the Doctor will recover for you:—he has had wonderful experience that way among so many young Englishmen.

To this malicious stroke, he added a long and entertaining commentary upon the text which the Chevalier . . . had now furnished. He gave a description of the tiring rooms, their dangers, and the unravelling of the adventures which are there to be met with: I was almost persuaded that he knew my history;—I blushed, and my dear Mentor lost all patience. The whole company laughed heartily at the spirit and warmth of his portraits. The Doctor whispered in my ear, this man has the tongue of a serpent. I believe he wont leave off to day; and in a few minutes after, dreading the impressions that

might be made upon me, he desired I would take leave.

Well, my Lord, said the Doctor, as we were returning, you have seen the *beaux-esprits* and the learned, with their ordinary retinue, enthusiasm and censure: — You see it is needless to talk, they are a woful set. Vanity, indeed, may find some gratification by going there; but let me do justice to the Chevalier . . . ; he has been a lover of pleasure, and was of easy access; but since this cursed Bouillac has seduced him by his prating, there is a total change. Even I, who now speak to you, used to rule the roast in that house; but, since this fellow has got his head in, I never go there without leaving it dissatisfied. I cannot conceive how it comes about, that people are so silly to encourage him; they do not know him; he is at bottom a very vicious character, but without a penny to gratify his passions, yet vain of his wretched abilities; to make amends, he sets up for another Cato, makes every woman a laughing-stock, and tears all the men in pieces.

I honestly confess to you, that if I could have foreseen that we should have met with him at the Chevalier . . . 's, I would have begged of you to defer our visit to another day.

day. That man is mad; his disorder is infectious. Would you believe, that by his going so frequently there, things are come to such a pass, that the Chevalier . . . does not believe one word I say? The warmth of the Doctor's harangue made a strong impression upon my mind. "Truly," said I, it is something inconceivable; this young man has a great deal of wit, but certainly he must have a bad heart."—"O! an abominable heart," replied the Doctor, "every thing that he lays his hand on becomes blighted. The most innocent amusements he represents as monstrous;—the slightest gallantry, as horrid debauchery;—to have the least foible for play, the man must be either a wretched bubble, or a systematical sharper: even I, my Lord, who now speak to you, because I have had a small share of condescension for my friends, he has a hundred times in his malicious representations, drawn such a caricature of me, as to set me forth for the meanest and most determined pimp.—O, the wicked wretch!—Did you mind the furious raillery which he let fly at the Baron . . . ; it is pure envy, my Lord, because that person has the greatest pretensions. Let us talk no more of this man; I advise you to shun him,

him, because he is both artful and seducing." I assured the Doctor, that he should not deceive me.

I had formed no scheme to pass the evening, and of course was quite disengaged;—I had that serious look which tiresome listlessness and a want of employment paints upon the face. The Doctor knew how near such a situation approaches to reflection with an Englishman ——" Well," said he, " we must endeavour to drive away those melancholy reflections which so much learning and malignity, as you have heard this evening, could not fail to inspire. Come with me to . . . and he will wipe away every impression. I submitted.

. . . was that same banker whom the Doctor's officious zeal had recommended to me at our first meeting, and, on our arrival there, we met with the strangest medley that ever was seen. That which we saw at the Baron ***'s, was nothing like it. If pleasure could be produced and supported in a confusion, here is certainly her temper and asylum. The master of the house, a great system-monger and extravagant layer of wagers, an astonishing and ridiculous compound of French self-conceit, and the madness which pos-
sesses

esses the supporters of our English coffee-houses, received me with much more clutter than true politeness.

He presented an old man to me, whose features strongly resembled those of the wheedling Colonel Cunning, but something more of the Jew. He was the jack-pudding of the family. This man, by talking smut, thought himself wonderfully facetious; and, at seventy years of age, for the joke's sake, took it into his head to marry a pretended Agnes of fourteen. The follies which this person affected to assume, on purpose to amuse those that would laugh, procured him ready admission into several considerable houses: the employment of buffoon is voluntary, and the best of any now-a-days among the people of fashion. Thus, he has found a covert way, by which his avarice carries its point, and, making himself drolly contemptible, he has risen from want and indigence.

The second personage who shone in this circle was a little squat fellow, with a petulant tongue and face bespangled with carbuncles; his voice hoarse and piercing. He was a true Silenus. This man had formerly made a good deal of noise under the name of my Lord

After

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After having been plundered by a celebrated courtezan, he was reduced to take the more modest name of Mr. . . , by turns taking possession of the Bastile and the Fort l'Eveque *, and, if a considerable fortune had not fallen to him to relieve him from the effects of his misconduct, he was in a fair way of finishing his career by B. . .

There was a third actor, who figured most worthily with the other two. He was an English fugitive, who had been a pay-master in the army, and had disappeared with a considerable sum of money in his pocket, and by making a skilful retreat, contrived to subsist in this capital among a parcel of common strumpets, in an obscure retreat, at the extremity of the suburbs. A multitude of stock-jobbers, of all kinds and conditions, formed groupes, differently engaged; either at play, or entertaining the rest of the company with a silly conversation on politics. On the one side, the dæmon of filthy lucre had breathed forth all the transports of his gloomy rage; while on the other, mad speculation was venting all her absurdities.

* The Bastile and Fort l'Eveque are different prisons in Paris.

Upon

Upon this occasion the Doctor deceived himself, for in spite of all his efforts to stamp a value upon Mr. . . . and his house, I could find nothing engaging in it, and for the first time since my arrival in Paris, presuming to judge for myself, I made but a very short visit. I had the contrast of such different objects as were presented to me in the course of the day, under my eyes, and it must have had salutary effects, if the expert physician had not immediately, upon our quitting this house, changed his battery. He led me away to take an airing at the *Palais Royal*, which is the most common scene to meet with adventures. That which I am going to relate, happened, at least, in appearance, without any previous preparation, and was the effect of unexpected chance; although the extensive views of the sagacious Doctor could go as great a length, and produce such circumstances as imperceptibly.

I met Sir Walter in the great walk, and he proposed that we should go and sup in the neighbourhood of the Palace. I accepted the invitation, and he led me to the house of the famous Mademoiselle . . . For about a month he had entangled himself with this insatiable woman, and she
had

had preyed upon the Baronet's liberality with her usual rapaciousness.

Mademoiselle . . . possessed a small, elegant, and convenient hotel; the magnificent richness of its decorations displayed the follies of which she had been the cause; and, all that I had found so brilliant with Mademoiselle . . . was reduced, when compared with this, to an elegant neatness, and to meer convenience. It was nothing to what was before my eyes at present.

Several antichambers, as well as the stairs which led to them, were filled with a multitude of lackeys dressed in different liveries; and of course I expected to find a numerous circle of people of fashion in the apartments. In passing this croud I observed that several of these gentlemen in company with the Abigails, had parodied most excellently the passionate desires and gallant manners of their masters to their mistresses.—At last we arrived at the sanctuary. What a multitude of sacrificers surrounded the idol! I was presented by Sir Walter. On seeing this celebrated courtesan, I found her figure fall far short of the idea I had been made to conceive of her, from the admiration she had met with both in London and Paris.

ris. I cannot deny however that she had in a very great degree, that alluring manner which sets off beauty to the greatest advantage, and is still more captivating. I shall furnish a proof by the effects it had upon me. The reception was polite and courteous, and I was very much pleased.

Mademoiselle . . . had a female companion as well as the traitress . . . , who, according to the prescription, was not so handsome. She was said to be a cousin, whom notwithstanding the inequality of charms and attractions, Mademoiselle intended to *advance*; a common expression here, for those who aspire after the honours of war, and all those courtesans who aim at settlements. Having paid my compliments to the mistress of the house, the cousin came next in course. I heard her, while she was leaning towards the other, whisper in her ear;—What! is that the poor little Lord . . . ; truly he is very handsome. She was very much in the wrong, and well deserved what has happened to her. I blushed, and could not possibly determine within myself whether it proceeded from a sense of shame or satisfaction at her discourse. My vanity was at the same time mortified and flattered, and these two emotions were confounded together.

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The numerous and splendid court which surrounded these ladies consisted of people quite unknown to me. Sir Walter, whose connections with her could not fail to connect him likewise with her friends, introduced me to the Marquis de . . and Mr. de . . I recollected that the Doctor had quoted them as the flower of the *Agreeables*; I was likewise made acquainted with the Count de ., and the Chevalier de ., and some others of inferior fame in the chronicles of gallantry.

The two first whom I have mentioned seemed to have the prerogative of being the founders in these apartments, and they, though Sir Walter defrayed all the expence, did the honours, but with such grace and so little affectation, that in the Baronet's place, I should have thought myself obliged to them. In my first emotions of admiration, I compared within myself, the tone and graceful deportment of these elegant personages to the heavy awkward lumpish pretensions of our *English Maccaronies*, or even the dull insipid copy which I had met with in some of the imitators at the Baron de . . . Ah! said I to myself, how a Frenchman is privileged by nature, and formed for the *graces*. They
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fly from us rustics as we are! The charming and elegant Chesterfield was right to propose such models for his son, but how unworthy of his instructions was this child of love! In a word how much was he an Englishman!

The cold inanimate Sir Walter, although he paid the piper for all these frisking Frenchmen, had such an ungainly air with him, that I should have pardoned Mademoiselle . . .'s committing a mistake like the indelicate Mademoiselle . . . Even I myself should have thought her excusable, if instead of the scoundrel Mr. Rag, she had found such a substitute.

In such agreeable company the remembrance of my disgrace was insensibly forgotten. A noble emulation took possession of me and fairly banished it. It is probable that my first attempts to shake off my English stiffness, only increased my awkwardness;—they laughed in their sleeves, and the praises which they bestowed upon my good mien and easy carriage, could be nothing but severe mockery. However, as Mademoiselle . . . spoke tolerable English, I had an opportunity of displaying my gallantry;—I was a little less silent. As to graceful manners, which I wanted, I inwardly

wardly wished that I might come and form myself expeditiously in so good a school.

At supper they did me the honour of placing me between the two cousins. The cheer which I had partaken of with Mademoiselle in the street de Rich-lieu, was delicate and exquisite ; but here was the profusion of Nomentanus. With the people of rank, who were the greatest part of the guests, were mixed some artists and virtuosi, whose talents improved the entertainment. Play having succeeded to a splendid repast, I gave up to it with prudence and came very well off.

All the time that I remained at Mademoiselle 's she had not once desisted from talking with me, on pretence of her being the only person in company who could speak English ; she had even treated me with a degree of attention that would have alarmed any man but Sir Walter. I frequently accused her within myself, of ingratitude and imprudence. The cool, temperate Baronet happily had more pride than love, and the miseries which this last passion occasions, made no impression upon him ; but I did not continue long without receiving a key to this extraordinary

extraordinary conduct from both parties. The Baronet informed me, that his affairs required his presence in London, and that he should set out in two days. The lady, no doubt, thought beforehand, of filling up the vacancy which was so near at hand, in a manner worthy of her pretensions, and, for that purpose, she had learnt by experience, to prefer the English. I ought, undoubtedly, to have treated with contempt, these motives of preference, so easily to be discovered, but I was misled by vanity and resentment. At a time of life, when reason is seldom hearkened to, and in a place where so much pains is taken to banish or intoxicate it, it is scarce possible to take its advice. I went away excessively flattered, and consequently very sensible of the advances which were already made me, and of the opportunity which presented to vex the abominable Mademoiselle

The Doctor, who during the whole evening, seemed to have lost sight of me, and to attach himself to the *agreeables* of Mademoiselle . . . 's company, had not in the least studied my looks, or divined my disposition. He was a man who did not think of opposing them, but so far as was absolutely necessary to shelter himself,

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himself, in case of accidents, while at bottom he was strengthening them. For that purpose, he shewed his usual dexterity. He quitted me at my gate, leaving me to reflections less moral than those of the morning. In expectation of sleep, my mind was employed in forming projects of pleasure and revenge.

DAY

DAY the SEVENTH.

Sequel of my amorous Designs. A humorous Discourse between an eminent Courtesan, and an expert Valet de Chambre. An extraordinary Conversation.

MY enthusiasm of the evening returned with the new day. What a difference, said I to myself, between our clumsy *Roast-beefs*, and those wonderful men whom I saw last night. Ah! if I could but resemble them. The lovely Mademoiselle . . . shall let me into the secret. It is well worth another little attack upon my pocket-book.

Whatever pretence the hope of acquiring such eminent perfections could afford to my growing love for this beauty, my ridiculous adventure with Mademoiselle, was so recent, that I felt some scruples and some folly in embarking so soon again, upon a sea where I had lately met so humiliating a shipwreck. I was engaged in some such reflections, when my valet-de-chambre
Provence

Provence came to wait my getting out of bed.

I had been accustomed to tell my secrets to this worthy servant.—A young man must always have a servant to be his confidant, who, half domestic, half companion of his master, must have all the address and subtilty of a footman in a comedy. Provence held this employment with me. Accordingly, I acquainted him with my new flame, and all my projects. Thanks to the Doctor, this man had been suspended from his functions and his fees, during the preceding adventure, and eagerly seized the opportunity of reinstating himself. He set out; and having executed his commission, very soon returned to acquaint me with his success.

As my emissary entered, and was ready with open mouth to give me the recital of his negotiation, he perceived the Doctor, who had come to visit me while he had been absent. At sight of him he stopped;—it was easy to be observed by this concealment, the dread which he had of seeing the conduct of this important affair wrested out of his hands. The Doctor dexterously hiding his suspicions, affected discretion, and offered to retire,
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if I had any secret or urgent business. No, no, my dear Doctor, said I to him smiling, I don't know wherefore M. Providence is disconcerted; I do not desire to conceal any thing from you: on the contrary, you shall know my good fortune, or my disgrace, at the same time that I am informed myself; but you must first be made acquainted with the affair in agitation.

The entertainment of last night has ranked me among the admirers of Mademoiselle . . . but that sentiment has not become sufficiently powerful as yet, to make me suffer greatly if I miscarry; though, at the same time, I thought I could perceive the fair one shewed me some very sly and significant proofs of her attention.—Yes, very significant, truly, said he, and to tell you my opinion freely, on seeing her eternally whispering in your ear, I imagined you was pretty far advanced; however, take care, for your Lordship knows by experience, how little women are to be trusted! O! replied I, we must overlook some little errors: if we were perpetually to think of the storm, who would ever go to sea? Besides, my dear Doctor, it would be very unjust in you to suspect every woman, because you

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have been deceived by the affected prudery of Mademoiselle My Lord, answered he, it is not that I wish to resent the mistake into which I was led; I have too strong an attachment to you not to be guided by motives which do not affect myself.—Very well my friend, I thank you, but I pray you do not stop me, when I am in so fair a way; if you love me, you will forgive me this frolic.

Well, Mr. Provence, said I, whereabouts are we?—Not quite at the end of the romance, my Lord, said he, but we are not a great way from it.—How of the Romance? Yes, the fair one, or rather the circumstances are not favourable: but as for her, such an excess of cruelty, never once entered her heart, yet you must be content to languish for two whole long days, and at the end of the third your amorous torment will receive the wonted relief.—Wherefore then this delay?—Ah! my Lord, you must admire a probity so uncommon with such ladies. She insists upon keeping her vows made to Sir Walter, who entered into a contract with her, which does not expire till Monday evening: to-day is Friday, but she will not abate one quarter of an hour. To reckon from the present, there are exactly seventy and two hours, but then at
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the last of these, the very minute that the clock strikes, you may, like the Sultan, dispose of an obedient and submissive Sultana.—Very well, replied I, that love of justice, deserves a return of the same kind; “when Cæsar is paid, nothing more remains to be said.”—Justice! my Lord, this girl is justice herself—what is more, in buying her, you are sure to obtain her, which is not the case with the other. Precisely, in that moment when the Baronet’s postilion smacks his whip, the love which she had for him departs and takes flight with his post-horses: I carry her a thousand guineas for the first week, and the love with which she becomes inspired for you, by my arrival, takes possession of the place for eight days; you then command, and may lay in provision for another eight days, and thus go on, until the enemy, by similar ways, forms a secret correspondence in the town, and in his turn undermines us.—Neither the Doctor nor I could refrain from laughing.—This youth has wit, said the Doctor, he is invaluable. Truly, I was ignorant of his merits.—Provence made a bow, and they were good friends from that moment.

I desired my dextrous and ingenious valet to give a circumstantial account,

how he executed his commission. I set out this morning, my Lord, said he, more proud to execute your orders than Mercury, when going to Danae, on a message from the father of the Gods. Having arrived at the place of my embassy, I thought proper to sound the principal ministers before I solicited an audience of the sovereign. I wished to know perfectly who was the chief favourite; I therefore paid court equally to Mannon and to Sophy; I perceived, however, that the last of these had carried Mademoiselle her jelly-broth, and was a great while before she returned. Oh! this must be the favourite, said I to myself; they are actually holding a council, and we must be the subject of their deliberations. The confidant Abigail at last returned, and her chearful, smiling looks, made me presume that I was welcome. Without ceremony, I took her aside, to tell her that I had something of consequence to say to Mademoiselle, but that I would wait her leisure.—Truly, M. Provence, said she, 'tis very early, I don't know what to say; my mistress is still in bed, yet I am very well inclined to oblige you: but, if you have a letter, or billet-doux, I will take charge of it, and deliver it faithfully.

faithfully.—No, child, my commission is verbal; I can speak sufficiently well to make writing totally unnecessary.—Well, said she, the business becomes still the more delicate; we have engagements, and my mistress is a little scrupulous. That is right, but my dear heart we are rich, and know how to bring comfort to tender consciences.—At last then, I must expose myself to be scolded for you. She ran nimbly up stairs, and after waiting a little, came tripping down again, to assure me that in a few minutes I should be introduced.

Mademoiselle, added the Abigail, desires only that you would wait till she gets out of bed, and in the mean time, has ordered me to ask you to breakfast. At these words, she led me into the pantry, and with her fair hand, presented the cup of ceremony to your plenipotentiary. Several slices of excellent ham, and six bumpers of Burgundy, inspired me with that fire which made me shine when I was admitted afterwards to an audience.

I made my entry in the most respectful manner. The sovereign, voluptuously reclined upon a sofa, nodded gently with her head. How does my Lord,

said she, there can be nothing more flattering, than at the very moment of waking, he should be engaged about me. Madam, replied I, gallantly it is so natural to be engaged about you in the morning, and such a happiness to be engaged with you in the evening! The Princess laughed at this folly. You go on at a great rate, said she, still laughing; did my Lord include this in your instructions? Madam, his method is to make his instructions short and distinct, and, as I presume, that like him, you do not love to lavish words unnecessarily; I come to make you an offer of his purse and his heart.—My Lord is very good; such offers are sufficient to flatter the most beautiful of the sex; and I wish to receive as I ought, such an agreeable message; but I am afraid that some other engagements however, added she, the messenger must not go without his errand; and here, my Lord, she made me the customary present. Madam, said I, making a low bow, we every day see one engagement yielding to another, which we think more pleasing.—O! said she, to secure a succession with all my heart; but as I believe that my present connection will

will expire in three days, there is no necessity for breaking off abruptly,—Then at least, Madam, the treaty with my Lord may be concluded, and in the mean time, I may negotiate the preliminaries.

—Very well, replied the fair one, but there still remains some little difficulty; I have made a kind of promise; if I was to consult my taste, to be sure I would prefer my Lord infinitely, but in my situation it is so difficult to yield to our inclinations, and so dangerous to break certain promises! A foreigner of high rank and considerable fortune, has so begged, prayed, and intreated me, that I was obliged to give him something more than hopes. We have even begun to treat, and if I should dismiss him without either rhyme or reason, it might occasion some noise. He is a man whose temper is to be dreaded.—How to be dreaded!

—Yes, he is—What! is he?—A Confederate of Bar.—O! Madam! these people are not to be dreaded unless you are afraid of manifestos.—When they have not been able to stand against the Russians, they must certainly give way to England. I perfectly know the merit and ascendancy of Great Britain, replied she.

—You are quite right, Madam, you should hold fast there.—In your place I would rather have a Bank-bill, than twenty mortgages on all the Palatinates, and Starosties of the Republic.—I know their full value, said she, but such considerations have little influence when compared with my sentiments in favour of your young master.—O! I am persuaded of that, but still these considerations should have some weight, and I dare assure you that they will be well worth the trouble.—You are very seducing, said she, but let me see, the two following days are irrevocably vowed to Sir Walter.—The third, said I, belongs to us then.—Well, it must be so, said she, nothing can resist Great Britain.—I wish, my Lord, that I could describe to you the charming smile, which accompanied this capitulation. Proud of having routed this *Polite*, and subduing the place under his nose, I come to lay the keys at your Lordship's feet—If the beginning of M. Provence's narrative entertained us, the conclusion was no less diverting and agreeable. We immediately held a council, and a magnificent knot of diamonds, which he was ordered to carry to her, served to put the seal of confirmation to his embassy.

Two days of impatient expectation without reckoning the present.—What torture! however some way must be found to fill up the hideous void. I consulted the Doctor, and while we were discoursing seriously upon the subject, the Chevalier de * * came to visit me, and we had an hour's conversation. All the scenes of dissipation which I continued to share in, could not hinder me from relishing a conversation, in which I found all the charms of good sense, with an excellent heart. He proposed to introduce me to his intimate friend the Count de * * *, and to some other houses of the first rank in Paris. It was a fortunate circumstance for me that the acceptance of this invitation would not interfere with my pleasures. The two days which Mademoiselle * *'s scrupulous fidelity to her engagement, left me free, gave me an opportunity of profiting by his offers, and although the Doctor plainly discovered by his looks that he disapproved of my zeal, I assured the Chevalier that I would go in the evening to the Hotel de * * * to be presented.

The Chevalier's visit being over, the Esculapius told me he was afraid that I

should pass my time but indifferently with the Count; but that a few tedious quarters of an hour would soon be over. He spoke this with a tone of voice where fear and sadness visibly shewed themselves through the veil of an affected indifference, and with the look of a man who saw his prey ready to escape out of his hands. He staid dinner and entertained me till six in the evening talking over the happiness which awaited me after the third revolution of the sun. We then parted, and I went to the Hotel de * * *, where I found the Chevalier de * *.

I was very little disposed to relish the excellent company who were there assembled. Neither my eyes nor my ears could be properly affected, because I was not in a situation rightly to estimate the immense difference between the tone and manners of those who composed this assembly, and the foolish absurdities which I had seen in the equivocal circles, wherein I had hitherto strayed. Men of abilities, and valuable women, were to me new objects; but I was not capable of judging of their real value, and I found their conversation a disagreeable constraint. However, I believe my readers will not be offended, if I endeavour to recount
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an interesting conversation, which, though mutilated from my want of a sufficient memory, yet may form a contrast to the wretched stuff with which he has hitherto been entertained. I yawned at that time, but I have frequently recollected it with pleasure since the days of my being a trifling silly dupe.

To name the Count de *** is to make his encomium. On that evening the eloquent and ingenious Colonel B, who is a member of the British parliament, happened to be at the Count's hotel, which he frequented preferably to all others, during the time he remained in Paris; and on the contrary knew not even of the existence of those adventurers to whom I had given myself up. I likewise found there the count de C——w, Counsellor of the Czarina, and Prince C These men, still more illustrious by their personal qualities, than by their elevated rank, formed a constellation, whose rays fell in vain upon eyes so closely shut as mine. My introducer the Chevalier **, and the three friends whom I had seen at his house, seemed to me to be received with that friendship and respect which elevated merit pays to that which is not so dignified.

Colonel

Colonel B is never long in a circle so worthy of him, without politics becoming a subject of conversation; while he informs others, he always endeavours to acquire some useful lights, and he could not have fallen into better company. Our colonies were at that time taking the first steps to oppose the mother country. The first sparks of that conflagration, which the spilling of much blood will not perhaps extinguish, but in a manner fatal to England, had just broke out. They looked forward to the sequel of this event, and considered what was the true interest of France and Spain if the American subjects should become independent. Colonel B . . . declaimed in the tone of an Orator, which he had contracted by a habit of speaking in the House of Commons.—What consequence is it to England whatever part two states who have no naval strength, may take in the quarrel which she has with her American subjects? The immense barrier which the ocean has formed between the two hemispheres, ought to convince us that in spite of their attempts, she will preserve her power over those numerous provinces who must submit to her government, rather from their necessities, than from fear.

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The same fleet which serves to scour and subdue the coasts, and of course the inland country of North-America, will deter the restless spirit of our enemies, and will either prevent them, or punish them for daring to intermeddle in our quarrels.—I acknowledge the superiority of your actual maritime power, replied the Count de **, but it may prove fatal to England to push their confidence such lengths as you speak of. I own that neither France nor Spain have a formidable navy actually on foot at this minute, but nevertheless we have the stuff to form a navy some time hence. Some time, replied the Colonel, some time! I speak of the present time in which we live.—I should have thought English politics would have looked beyond the present times, replied the Count; according to my ideas which make me look farther forward, its security may be deceitful, but it does not depend upon us in this country, where we have the heaven, the earth, the sea, and men; but upon the dispositions of a single man. May God grant that we may once find that man capable of seeing his true interest, he will find people sufficient to carry his schemes into execution. Monsieur the Count, replied the Colonel, it is upon the same grounds

grounds that I reason; England would be but little or nothing if we amused ourselves in reckoning upon the gifts of heaven, and had waited for the coming of such a man. We were never inclined to believe in a Phoenix, and still less that he would be made for us; we were resolved not to trust to chance; we relied upon our fleet, and the excellence of our constitution, and we have found the good effects. We laugh at seeing you make other kind of calculations, and consume yourselves in fruitless expectation. We exist by your mistakes, and we presume upon the superior influence we shall have until it pleases Heaven to send you your Saviour.—

The Colonel, said Bouillac, eludes a question upon a matter of fact by bantering, and really Sir, he treats us in the same style as he does the party of the king his master. What then! Colonel B, do you suppose, that all to one man, the whole people of France, are blunderers! As for me, I am not of that opinion, continued he, laughing; we are tired of it, and are come to a resolution to be wise for the future; and, as the best proof of wisdom is to make friends, we not only will not disturb you while you are correcting your ungrateful refractory children in America,

rica, but, if there be occasion, assist you in bringing them back to a sense of their duty. What do you say? replied the Colonel, briskly, we shall not have such confidence as to depend upon your good offices.—It appears to me, however, said Bouillac, if we are not blind to our interests, we may go such lengths without hesitation.

The whole company heard this inexplicable paradox of Bouillac's with surprize; and the Count de ***** having taxed him with a want of steadiness in his opinions, was afraid that he carried them extravagant lengths. After having modestly hearkened to all the objections which were offered on every side of him: Gentlemen, said he, I believe with Colonel B . . . that the superior naval strength of Great Britain, puts it in their power to conquer all the French possessions beyond sea, and, at least, to pillage, or ravage, at their pleasure, the languishing immense scattered territories of Spain. I am sensible, that the immediate and positive interest of these two powers is to prevent such an event, or at least, to endeavour to ward off the blow: you all know, as well as I do, how much they deviate from the paths they should pursue for that purpose; but that

that interest, which relates to their becoming mutual supports to each other, is not the subject which I am, at present, considering. There is, besides that, an interest, which is common to all the three powers, and it appears to me, that they ought to lay aside all their jealousies, and unite against a fourth, who will one day acquire sufficient strength to exclude all of them. This commentary seemed to me to make some impression upon his hearers, and to strike out a new light. Colonel B fixed his eyes upon this young man with surprize, which Count ***** perceiving, in a tone of raillery, exclaimed, O-ho! Bauillac's politics are not like other people's: would you imagine that he alleges, your American quarrel out of the question, that if both you and we had common sense, we ought to become allies, to set up and pull down, as it should please us? He proves that matters go on so badly on both sides of the channel, only because we will not come to a right understanding. Our interest is to be united, and he imputes to our jealousy, though reduced to system, the adopting fatal and contemptible chimeras.

The first proposal which Monsieur de Bouillac offers, said Colonel B has
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a very seducing aspect. I will not, at present, examine if the danger of being obliged to submit to a power which may arise in America, ought to be a signal for the immediate joining of England with France and Spain, and, certainly it is possible, that such a power may arise; but that is foreseeing things at a great distance; at present, I do not mean to look so far into futurity; but, as to things which are within our reach, and, in which I think myself interested, I shall scarcely be brought to renounce the opinions I have adopted. I have always looked upon this rivalry, and even that sentiment, which among the common people in England, descends even to a hatred of the French name, as one of the essential props of its existence, because it is the source and principal motive for their activity, and the striking feature of the national character. I will go still farther, by saying that; even Europe is indebted to it, and the fate of the different states so connected with it, that the balance depends upon this antipathy. I cannot foresee how it will be possible, to get the better of a prejudice, which must ever oppose the establishing an unnatural connection between the two people, which if it was to be overcome, would instantly annihilate

annihilate every advantage, both physical and local, which Great Britain enjoys at present, and without the least difficulty, would carry the commerce of the whole world into France, the very moment we give them time to breathe. How then would you prevent an inconvenience so ruinous for us, or, at least, what we are in the habit of supposing to be such, and to think inevitable? For my part, I cannot discover the means.

Well then, said the Count, in turning towards Bouillac, do you hear, how will you reply to all this?—I have attended with pleasure, said he, after having continued a long time silent, and having the air of submitting his opinions to those of the Colonel; but I must beg the favour of Mr. B . . . , that he will do me the honour to hear what I have to say. You are right, Sir, said he, addressing himself to the Colonel, the two parts of your argument have undoubtedly a foundation in fact; but the politician, who would employ himself in earnest, for the good of both nations, ought to have no respect for these facts, the greatest part of which are foreign to the subject, and to the consequences which follow. The factitious existence of Europe, such as has been established

blished by those treaties, which at present form what is called the rights of nations, may unquestionably receive a blow by the re-union of England with France; that is to say, that the other potentates, who gain so much by their quarrels, either because they make themselves to be dreaded, or oblige them to pay subsidies, will infallibly suffer.

To look back to the real source of these quarrels, we may see that they did not originate from those motives of animosity which subsisted formerly; but on the contrary, was the contrivance of those who were interested in fomenting the quarrels, and establishing that maxim in both nations. After the Princes of the house of Stuart were established on the throne of Great Britain, they were not the enemies of France; on the contrary, they were sometimes her allies, and almost always stood neuter. Europe felt that this circumstance promoted the views of Louis XIV. and therefore concluding that it was necessary to set Great Britain in opposition to him, they formed a conspiracy against James II. and resolved to introduce a Prince in his stead, who would employ his whole power against France; so, that by this plot against the royal family, they contrived

trived to dethrone James, and give the crown to his son-in-law. The ancient hatred was revived, although the objects no longer existed; and, since that time, it has become more and more deeply rooted, and has proved fatal to both countries, by their frequently going to war to please other nations. You are certainly well enough acquainted with the secret history of Europe, to know that the terrified Princes of the Empire formed that conspiracy at Berlin, which brought about the second revolution*.

Thus the ambition of Louis XIV. has been the occasion of all the ruinous mistakes which have followed; but now a-days, that restless spirit for conquest and vain-glory hath disappeared in both countries, and the two governments should consider how much they have been dupes, by ruining themselves for the convenience of others; instead of putting it in the power of their people mutually to enrich one another, which might be easily done. I believe I could prove this assertion which answers the second part of your

* Surely, our author is mistaken; for the plan of bringing the Prince of Orange to England, certainly, was laid by the whigs in this country.

argument,

argument, by some details which I have collected.

Your manner of looking into our history, replied the Colonel, is certainly very right and most judicious; but perhaps we should rather give up the prejudices which exist, than the realities which may be supposed. I cannot deny that the bud of your political system prevents a view of the greatest interest, but I should wish to find, that the unravelling of its consequences, should make it square with possibilities.—The whole circle gave the most serious attention, and Bouillac continued nearly as follows. The wars of the two nations have served no other end but to multiply their misfortunes. England, if she pleases, may be vain of her success; for she has, by that means, made herself mistress of that trade, which France might have shared with her; but could nothing flatter her avidity and ambition, but that part of it which she could seize by force? I think I could demonstrate, that her profits are not equivalent to what she might have by a commerce with France, and the more considerable the trade of that country is of itself, the more considerable would that commerce be, which they could carry on together.

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I have taken the quantities and the terms of my computations from that the Dutch usurp between the two. I have also included the immense clandestine traffic, which the industry of individuals opposes to erroneous laws, dictated by ancient prejudices to governments, who blindly gave themselves up to popular animosities; but it is superfluous to enlarge upon this subject, without, at the same time producing the exact account of these abuses; it likewise would be necessary to oppose to them, the probable result of contrary maxims. I know, Sir, continued he, in a less serious tone, that as a member of the opposition you should overcharge your public character with the strongest Antigallican prejudices: it is an indispensable etiquette, and, if I were wise, I should wait the dissolution of Parliament, to find you in an impartial mood, which would render you accessible to certain ideas, which perhaps you will now not adopt.—Colonel B . . . smiled at this last stroke, and seemed to be quite captivated with the young man. The conversation became general, and took another turn.

The Count de C . . . W gave us some interesting accounts of his native country,

country, Russia. His ideas were grand, simple, and splendid; and he gave ample proofs that the Princess, whose subject he is, places her confidence only in men of abilities. To a discourse on politics, succeeded another on war, upon which subject the Count de **** and the Chevalier ** spoke as perfect masters. After some hours conversation, which, notwithstanding my trifling temper, had given me a great deal of pleasure, the Chevalier **, accompanied by his friend, carried me home, and congratulated me upon my attention to the conversation at the Count de *****'s. He advised me, in the kindest manner, to take his young friend for my guide, if I wished to know the state of the arts in France;—the other zealously proffered his services.—The unfavourable impressions of him which I had received, could not dispense me from accepting his polite offer. In spite of the uneasiness which such a connection might give the Doctor, it was resolved that I should accompany Bouillac early next morning.

DAY the EIGHTH.

*Pictures—the Works of a celebrated Painter.—Striking Lessons of Morality.—
—The French Comedy.—Reflections on
Shakespeare and Moliere.*

EARLY in the morning, Bouillac came to rouse me, and at ten o'clock we set out. It is with a great deal of pleasure, my Lord, said he, that I see a young Englishman of your rank, employed as you are, in making men and the arts the subject of your studies. I shall think myself particularly happy in being your conductor through this capital. The pride and opulence of some individuals, has procured them a number of master-pieces, and we must get admittance into their cabinets. Happily, I am acquainted with some of them, but let us lose no time, for we must go to a number of places. This day shall be dedicated to painting, and we will defer sculpture till another morning. While Bouillac was speaking to me, we turned the corner of a street, and met the Doctor.

tor. I observed him grow pale with fear, and start with horror at the sight of the companion whom the Chevalier . . . had provided for me. Those emotions made me recollect every thing he had said to me, of Bouillac, and I sincerely regretted my not having avoided that sort of union, which this day was likely to be established, and I resolved to employ all my address to break it off as soon as possible.

In three hours time we had run over a great deal, and were got to the royal academy of painting. Bouillac made me observe the decay of the art, by the style and manner of the living artists. There is but one man at present, added he, who has preserved the least spark of that genius which animated some of his predecessors. That serpent, envy, has decried one of his pieces;—he intended it to appear among the works of candidates which you see here; but the vanity of this excellent painter being provoked, he instantly renounced the association of rivals, whom he judged to be incapable and unworthy of setting a just value upon his merits.

To very great talents, he has the misfortune to add some of those original defects which too often accompany great

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abilities; but the superiority of his pencil has charmed my eyes, and I cannot withhold my esteem from the open candour of his heart; therefore, I pay no great attention to the errors caused by his pride. Let the jealousy of his competitors endeavour to take advantage of the personal foibles of the artist, while it shrinks before his works.

Every species of painting is exhausted. There are very few subjects either in fable or history, which have not been frequently handled by the most eminent masters. It is the same in landscape. Greuse desires to introduce a new kind, and no one before him having attempted to give pure lessons of morality upon canvass, he has conceived the design of extracting subjects for pictures from a new-source. Thus he is become the first dramatic painter; that is to say the first who has painted real life, and given a representation of virtue and vice from what is practised daily before our eyes*.

Bouillac led me to the house of the artist, whose praises he had been sounding. We found him engaged in his painting room. The first piece which he shewed

* Is it possible that the author never heard of the immortal Hogarth?

me was equally excellent in design, expression, and colouring, and the subject was truly a most affecting scene. Beauty and virtue were expressed in the countenance of a female figure, whose rank was declared by the *costume*, giving a first lesson of humanity and benevolence to a young child, who appeared of such a rank in life, as to have its sensibility in danger of being corrupted by pride and opulence. The table scene was in a dark mean garret, where a respectable old man was seen lying on a truckle-bed ; he seemed to meet poverty and indigence with a calm and serene countenance, and exhausted by the evils which are the consequence of living in want, he received without blushing, and with a simple expression of noble gratitude, the gifts of pure and unaffected charity. At his side lay his aged suffering wife, in whose face and expressive attitude were seen the emotions of gratitude more lively, but less the effect of reflection. A son cloathed in rags, but too young to be capable of comforting the aged parents, was leaning languidly on the bolster of the bed, where these two people presented a picture of the most oppressed and unmerited misery. Opposite to this group stood the charitable lady who came to teach

her child to comfort the afflicted. Her figure was noble, her air soft and affecting. The child accustomed to opulence, seemed to start back with horror from the hideous attire of poverty, which had been presented to her view for the first time. The good mother combating her reluctance, seems to say to her, "my dear child what has this old man done that he was not born in the bosom of opulence as well as we? Nature hath made him our equal, but virtue has placed him above us." On the back ground is seen one of the *Sister Hospitalers*, whose cold indifferent manner, an effect which the constant view of calamity frequently gives to people whose situation excludes them from society, exhibited a fine contrast to that warmth of expression which glowed over the rest of the piece.

To such just and happy ideas; to the most striking expression of a composition finely conceived, the painter had united all the magical skill of his art. Bouillac poured forth the most flattering encomiums. His ardent imagination kindled that of the painter, and possessed by all the enthusiasm of his genius, Yes, gentlemen, cried he, I desire to dedicate my colours and my pencil to the improvement of

of mankind. I believe this kind of painting far superior to that which traces anew some successful crime of ancient ages, which were as vicious as our own, and which is only made respectable by the name of some illustrious profligate. I work upon a subject which is indeed but too common. I wish to present to unfortunate females, among whom mutual example does not prevent errors, the fatal catastrophe which awaits them all at the expiration of a few short illusions. Observe my Lord, said he, in carrying me to his easel that had a picture upon it, which he uncovered, this artful and shameless old woman endeavouring to corrupt a young simple timid, innocent girl, by enticing her with the offer of gold and diamonds. This horrible Megara, gives strength to passions easily led astray, in order to breathe the poison of debauchery and vanity into an unsuspecting innocent soul. See seduction applauding the success of her artifice, upon the front of that corrupted Financier. I despaired a great while of being able to express all the characters which should be assembled in the face of his worthless emissary; meanness, avarice, hypocritical goodness, and unbridled impudence, ought all to appear there. I could

not have succeeded if I had not found a model. This head is from nature.—The more the painter entered into the detail of his composition, the more my eyes were employed in endeavouring to catch the expression which he wished me to find in the persons represented. How great was my surprize when I recollected the features of Mamma *** in that of the old procurefs. —I blushed,—the artist observed it, but he was mistaken in the cause. You are disgusted, my Lord, said he, it is the most flattering effect possible for me, and it was what I proposed in drawing the hideous heart of that creature in her countenance. Behold, continued he, the trembling victim of her seductions; the desire of possessing all those objects of luxury, so alluring to youth, is painted in her eyes; at present she hesitates, she trembles, the snare which is laid for her vanity makes her modesty startle, she hearkens, and of course is about to take the first step to infamy. In the second picture, see the consequences which at first were so flattering upon her entry in the vicious career. It represents the young woman despoiled of that engaging innocence, which made her appear so beautiful in the first; she is surrounded by opulent ostentation, and indolently

dolently stretched at full length upon silk and down, forgets that labour and industry by which she should have lived in honourable mediocrity, and which would one day have brought her to be the wife of some worthy citizen, honest and diligent as herself. Amidst all these artificial enjoyments she destroys the most valuable of all riches, moderated desires. An Angola* tears in pieces the valuable ornaments which the prodigality of her admirers hastens to replace;—she smiles at a Sapajou† throwing that gold out of the window which love had lavishly bestowed. A double emblem of that shameful predilection which an ungrateful courtesan frequently grants to an obscure worm, and in such a manner as verifies the proverb—*lightly come, lightly go.*—If the resemblance of the old D occasioned some emotion, the allegory of the Sapajou redoubled it, by recalling to my mind the hateful Mr. Rag, and certainly some impression was visible in my countenance. My Lord, said Bouillac, by the pathetic discourses which Mr. Greuse displays so well upon canvass, he could certainly make a convert of you, if there

* Angola, a kind of Cat.
cies of the Monkey.

† Sapajou, a spe-

was occasion. He must be much flattered by the generous indignation which you express in every feature. This observation of Bouillac's disconcerted me, and penetrated to my inmost soul; but happily the painter, at that instant, led us on to two other pictures.

One of them presented the courtesan in the third stage of her career. She was no longer shining in gold, nor surrounded with seducing luxuries. All her magnificent stateliness was fled with her frail attractions. The first wrinkle which came to blast the flower of youth upon her forehead, had given the signal for an ungrateful retreat to her perfidious and inconstant admirers; she was even deserted by the Angola and Sapajou. The humble beauty, in a decent retreat, offers cheap favours, in submissive language, to a surly rude old fellow, who seems to despise her remains of beauty.

In the fourth piece, the unhappy wretch is seen expiring amidst cold and want, shame and sorrow. The pale glimmerings of a lamp shed a melancholy light upon this last scene of her sufferings. Bitter and fruitless repentance was expressed in her dying eyes, and her whole being seemed to sink under a load of wretchedness :

ness: an untimely old age, brought on by excess, is about to be finished by a languishing and painful death. The painter entered into all these details with the same warmth as he had done before, and Bouillac gave a moral to every apologue. I found myself in a very uneasy situation. After having given such proofs of satisfaction to the artist, as my state of mind permitted, we set out. My companion seemed to divine every impression that was made upon my heart; however, he did not once mention any thing like it, but continued to introduce into our conversation such subjects as were best suited to affect my mind, to reclaim or confirm my youth in the paths of true honour.

Although he mentioned nothing in direct terms, and even avoided every shadow of application, I was exceedingly vexed, and looked upon him as a bitter and unseasonable reformer; but I took care to conceal my thoughts. Undoubtedly, this was owing to those prejudices against his character, with which the Doctor had been at pains to inspire me, and convinced, as I was, that his practice was very opposite to his doctrine, it made less impression upon me than it otherwise would have done. At last he changed the tone

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of his discourse, and becoming gay and amusing, I found his conversation more tolerable.

Bouillac proposed to spend the evening at the French comedy. My Lord, said he, this is the theatre which should be frequented by foreigners: it is here where the French language is spoken in the greatest purity, and where you will find the truest picture of the manners of our nation. Here you may acquire the first, and learn to know the other. So serious a motive for giving the preference to the French theatre, was not the foundation for determining me at that time; but, I know not how it was, this man acquired a perfect mastery over me. I had so bad an opinion of him, that I could not endure him; but that mask of worth and candour, which the Doctor persuaded me he only assumed, must have strongly resembled undisguised truth; for, there were certain moments, in which he governed me with as absolute sway, as if I had had the greatest esteem for him, founded on a knowledge of his virtue. I let myself be conducted by him wherever he chose to lead. I believe, if he had proposed to go and see some more moral paintings, he would have made me go with him, although at
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leaving the house of his friend the painter, I had sworn in my own mind, that he should never catch me there again.

The tragedy of Phœdra was the piece to be played that night on the French stage. I should not have been able to have relished the beauties of this play, if my conductor had not prepared me for it, by giving me some idea of it before-hand, and, at each scene, hastily sketched over the detail. By this means, he enabled me to follow the sublime and pathetic expression of an old actress, whose abilities seemed to me to be as unquestionably great, as those of our celebrated Garrick.

When the first piece was over, Bouillac entertained me with his opinions on the difference between the French and English drama. Beside the national character which prescribes the limits to genius in a theatrical career, said he, nature has given you a matchless poet in your great Shakespeare; whose just and true imagination, in the immensity of its flight, comprehended all ages, all men, and all places. His descriptions present to our view the unconfined free manner of nature herself. He constantly follows her, and never fails to possess her, with all her variety and copiousness. What an advantage
for

for the English stage to have had such an extraordinary man for its founder! He has disentangled nature from those fetters made sacred by antiquity, and extended her laws for the benefit of those, who, after him, would run the same career, tho' without the hope of reaching such a flight; and, unquestionably, it is to him you owe that superiority* which the English have over the French tragedies. The French pieces of that kind are little more, in my eyes, than romances in dialogue, written in very fine verse, but whose cold uniform action, tires and freezes. The conduct has a general sameness, and continual monotony. Perhaps, the nation may one day come to see this fault, if ever that phantom, which is worshipped by the name of taste, happens to be dispoiled of his assumed importance. I should be ashamed, my Lord, to explain myself with such freedom, in presence of our connoisseurs;—I should run a risk of being treated as barbarous. This nation must always imitate the Greeks; they do it, at least, by shewing a contempt for every thing which is not of their own literary growth, and which departs from those rules within which two or three *beaux esprits* have thought proper to confine genius, by writing commentaries on Aristotle.

It is forbidden, for example, to open the scene, but by a flat and insipid narration. The rigorous law, which they call the three unities, obliges the author to give this dull explanation, which would frequently appear ridiculous, if custom did not prevent them from being sensible of this absurdity. One actor informs another, in sounding rhimes, of his genealogy, birth, history of his parents, and a number of other things which the last ought to know better than the speaker. It is commonly some confidant, who, in favour of the audience, stuns with insipid repetitions, the hero of the piece, who is ready to yawn. The unity of the place obliges the author to set his characters in motion like puppets, that they may incessantly return in a most whimsical childish manner to the gallery of the palace, where we are tired with a melancholy dream of recitals and discoveries:—and this is nearly the whole of what is permitted. No additional incident, no second rate character, which is so useful with you, in bringing on the catastrophe, and in supporting the spirit of the scene, but, at best, some dull, stupid confidants, whose parts are so wretchedly composed, that none are found to fill them but inferior actors, whose performance
throws.

throws into burlesque the scenes which ought to be the most powerfully engaging. Surely, you will never be brought to think the most perfect of these compositions to be a master-piece: for, it is plain, that they present nothing but a mass of dull unaffecting insipidity, where, at best, we find no recompence for our attention, but in the richness and beauty of the narration.

It is not so with the French comedies, continued Bouillac: Plautus and Terence, as well as Aristophanes, live again in Moliere, or rather he has surpassed them all. It is true, that he had not the same obstacle to contend with as our tragic poets. Comedy may be made interesting by means of more simple accessories than can be admitted into tragedy. That merciless chimera, taste, who so strongly circumscribes the field where genius might range, has less important consequences, in a less elevated species of writing. The action, as well as the characters, being taken from common life, they may be unfolded by the same kinds of incidents. Moliere then was more at his ease in this respect. You will see the native simplicity and truth of his touch. Here he also analysed to me the *Pre-*
cienses

cieuses Ridicules, which was going to be played, and putting the piece in my hand, he advised me to take the advantage of reading, that I might more easily follow the performance. You see, continued he, that upon this stage, both the actors and authors succeed much better in comedy, which is a constant and evident proof of its superiority. Tragedy being, in this country, constrained and unnatural; those people, who perform the characters, inevitably contract an affected blustering tone of voice, and stray so far from nature, that to be able to play both kinds well, happens very seldom; but in England, on the contrary, the tone and gait of tragedy being that of nature, does not destroy the comic talents of the actor, and it is to this difference, undoubtedly, that Garrick, and some others, owe that union and equal abilities in both kinds, which contrary causes make the people of Paris believe to be incompatible, or wonderful. The actresses whom you have just now seen, knew how to reconcile them, (thanks to the powers of her mind) which made her abjure the emphasis of the French Melpomene: but she has been obliged, sometimes, to appear low and undeserving, to please an audience

audience who have been spoiled by the practice of over-acting those emotions, where the English would have found her sublime; and is content with, now and then, extorting from the pit involuntary expressions of admiration, or rather of feeling, with strokes of nature unknown to other actors. This woman would have surpassed Garrick, if she had known Shakespeare; but it will be a great while before he is known to her or to this country. It would not be enough that the French language acquired an energy which it has not at present. If the national character which presides over language, as in every thing else, does not change, the master-pieces of this immortal and singular genius will be for ever lost to them.

I had read with attention some things which had been written on the subject of the French theatre, and was so well acquainted with our own, as to be sensible of the justice of the Chevalier Bouillac's observations. Besides, my own feelings came in support of his manner of drawing the comparison. Racine scarcely affected me, but Moliere made me laugh. By all this I found that the French comedy is the most agreeable entertainment
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in this capital. I left it highly entertained by the *Count de Jodelet*, and the *Marquis de Mascarille*, and, notwithstanding the insinuation of the dear Doctor, I was in a fair way of being reconciled to Bouillac, and examining for myself whether I had not been imposed on with regard to him, but the other came conveniently enough to prolong the illusion ;—he appeared the instant the Chevalier left me, and it was high time, for I was wavering in my opinion.

Well, my Lord, said the Doctor, your complaisance and respect for the Chevalier * *, has procured you a tiresome day of it ;—you was obliged to endure the pedantry of his oracle.—If his being a pedant was all, that might be easily digested, but he is really a bad man, added he, in a tone of disquiet ;—he dislikes me particularly, and I dont know for what, and to be sure he would not let slip the opportunity of painting me.—I protest to you, answered I, that he has not breathed a single word that could alarm you ; he was too much engaged, and indeed engaged me too much to have leisure to gratify that malice of which you accuse him. I shall never love that man, my dear Doctor, because you have acquainted

acquainted me with the perverseness of his character, which is the more detestable, because it is so artfully disguised; but I can't help regretting that such excellent qualities should be thrown away.

I believe, my Lord, you depend upon my sincerity, I was sensible how very dangerous he is, which was the sole motive of my anxiety to guard you against him.—I promised the Doctor that I would defend myself carefully against his attacks. Do you not find, added he, that there is something contradictory in him, and such a warmth and zeal in every thing he does that his company must very soon be insupportable?—Not at all, said I, very unaffectedly.—He must have dissembled deeply then! However you wont be long ere you make the discovery, if you expose yourself to his company. May you never make a more fatal one to your cost.

Pardon my zeal, my Lord, I would not be so communicative to another. I assured my dear Doctor that I had such confidence in him after the information which he had given me of Bouillac's character, that I would always restrict myself to the respect which was due to him who had been pleased to form the
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connection ;——he was satisfied with this promise, and renewed our common subjects of conversation, and the fair * * made us soon forget all thoughts of Bouillac. We insensibly resumed our gaiety and good humour in talking over this important subject.

The Doctor was busy till two o'clock in the morning, attempting to destroy the impressions which he suspected to have been made upon me in the course of the day, by elevating my fancy and my senses. He had great advantage, for the bad made deep impressions, while the good only grazed upon me. In examining myself I could not conceive how it came about that in the twelve hours I had spent with Bouillac, I had not once yawned. I promised myself amends for the loss of this day, by rendering the next as agreeable as possible; the Doctor promised me his assistance and wished me a good night.

DAY the NINTH.

A new Acquaintance, which costs me a Trifle.—A Horse-Race.—An accidental Meeting with a singular Character.

THE Doctor attended at my rising. —'Twas he that opened my curtains. My escaping from him the preceding day was a motive for redoubling his assiduity. —Come, said he to me, get up, while you are indulging in sleep, till late in the morning, half Paris is already assembled in the plain of Sablons. In an hour the town will be quite empty; they are drawn thither by a spectacle new to them. One of those who will share in the honours or dangers of the day will soon be at your gate. He entreated me to present him to your Lordship. I neither knew what interesting novelty could make all Paris run to the plain of Sablons, nor what person wanted to see me. The Doctor informed me that they were going for the first time to give a horse-race there, and that the bets were open.

Word

Word was then brought that some body wanted to speak with him. Who is it, said he? — 'Tis he, said my Valet de Chambre—the gentleman who lodges on the other side. The Doctor went to receive him, and returned with him. My Lord, said he, this is one of the most amiable of your countrymen. He is very sorry that he has for several days occupied the same house with you, without having had the honour of your acquaintance. Mr. Fikle—at this name, all my ideas were roused; three things concurred to spread his name—the most ridiculous prodigality and ostentation, the most rooted phrenzy for gaming, and that species of celebrity which a rash thoughtless man may draw from five or six remarkable duels, equivocal marks of courage, with whose true characteristics three fourths of men are so unacquainted as often to give its name to the sanguinary transports of revenge, or insensible ferocity. F . . . wanted to give new lustre to the part he played at Paris, by giving into all the momentary extravagancies with the epidemic folly of which some of the inferior class of nobility were seized; he was a skilful jockey, and a high better. This was the madness

ness of the day; and accordingly he outstripped every body in it, for he had laid two thousand guineas against D. D. B. P.

How does your Lordship propose to go and see the race, said he to me? I shall go in a coach, replied I.—In a coach! Fye, my Lord, returned the obliging Doctor. The laws of fashion require you at present to be on horseback; 'tis not proper for a man of your rank to shew himself in any other manner on the plain. I have provided for that.—Mr. F . . . has been pleased to promise me one of the hunters he has in his stable. Here F . . . approved the Doctor's offer with a nod, and made me a profound bow. I thanked him, but then casting my eyes on the Doctor, I saw him booted and spurred like one of our jockeys. My dear Doctor your foresight gives me infinite pleasure, and Mr. F . . . 's politeness excites my whole gratitude; but I cannot consent to deprive you of a pleasure you perhaps intended to take.—Not at all, my Lord, every thing has been foreseen, replied he with an air of satisfaction; I shall have the honour to accompany you, and two of your people on horseback may likewise follow us. In truth, said I, it must be allowed that the Doctor is a man essentially

essentially necessary ; nobody can be more obliging than he. I was soon ready. Our cavalcade arrived at the race ground, where, in fact, an incredible multitude was already assembled.—The young Princess, who is now seated on the throne of France, and shares the love of the people with the king her husband, honoured these new sports with her august presence. Hope and admiration flew before her, and whatever misfortunes this day brought upon me, I except it from those whose history I have already given. I saw beneficence and beauty crowned beforehand by the public voice. That day I shall ever account happy.

Upon the road F . . . acquainted me that if I was inclined to share with him in his bet, I might take what part of it I pleased. I have always been prejudiced against this sort of wagers. Each of the parties build their hopes on their confidence in the horses that are to enter the lists ; they entertain not the least doubts of their own skill, and pay far from sufficient attention to the fidelity of the rider, though they know beforehand that this is much more to be distrusted than the speed of the horse. Three-fourths of the time, the better lies at the mercy of the rider.

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I would rather trust the risque of a die, or the chance of the cards. I never gamed but out of vanity; had I done it out of avarice, 'tis thus I would have formed my calculation.

I refused Mr. F . . . 's offer, when the Doctor dextrously put another spring in motion. My Lord, said he, you cannot dispense from venturing something in this affair. The French have borrowed this sport from us, and they flatter themselves with soon surpassing their masters. In your country it is consecrated by the taste, and emulation of private persons, and still more by the cares of an attentive government. We must support this cause I dare answer to you for the honour of this day, and the real advantage that will accrue to you from the acceptance of Mr. F . . . 's offer, to go shares with him. — I am not in a condition to run great risques, but I have ventured a good deal upon his judgment. I look upon this as a piece of patriotism. Every instance of our superiority, even that of our horses, is a matter I think myself interested to maintain. I laughed heartily at the Doctor's warmth and zeal. If, continued he, you stand in need of an example to encourage you, I will tell you, that a fine
woman

woman hath testified more ardour than you in so good a cause. Who then, said I, is this patriotic female?—No other, replied he, than the lady whose good sense induces her to confer the myrtle crown upon the English. I laughed still more heartily, and, in the fit of gaiety, with which the physician had just inspired me, I took a fourth share of F...’s enormous bet. Abandoning myself to his confidence, inspired by his *Hippological* sagacity, if I may be allowed the expression. I thought I saw the famous horse Pompey returning with the Olympic palm, and that I had already pocketed my five hundred louis d’ors.

While thus conversing, we rid with a stately air over the course between two rows of coaches, and the mob, who lined the ground: twenty *Petits Maitres*, metamorphosed into English postilions, as the fashion of the day required, eagerly pressed round me to communicate their hopes or fears. My bet was considerable, and gave me, in their eyes, an importance relative to the moment. Escaping from this croud, I felt more confidence to approach the superb coach, in which was seated La **; and when I heard the Doctor give her an account of the small ven-

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ture I had made, after her example, I put on an air of self sufficiency and fatuity, equal to that of my associate.

On a sudden, I heard a general shout of derision, and turning to see what had raised it, perceived an insolent fellow burlesquing the ceremonies of the day: to the curvets of two thousand cavaliers, who were proudly parading in this amphitheatre, he opposed the awkward prancing of a diminutive ass, which he drove on with all his force, leaning forward extending his arms like wings, he aped all the brilliant squires, by whom he was surrounded, bawling out, *way, way*, with the whole strength of his lungs. This idea, which with all its buffoonery, conveyed an instructive lesson, seemed to disconcert the paraders. The squire of the pack-saddle made the ranks open, and the ass figured at the expence of the horses.

In a short time, the two horses that were to dispute the victory, were drawn out and exposed to the eyes of the multitude. Hector, and the invincible Achilles, under the walls of the famous Troy, did not excite greater hopes or fears. Greeks and Trojans encouraged the champions, and invoked the gods. I examined

ed the quadrupede hero, on whom my chance depended. My hopes were but weak, when I compared him with the other; and, I had the mortification to hear all the suffrages, by degrees, unite in prognosticating the victory to his competitor. F... himself, no longer retained the same confidence. While contemplating the well shaped and vigorous courser opposed to us, his pensive air and downcast look, announced, that his thoughts were already turned on the gap that the loss of fifteen hundred louis d'ors would make in his finances.—As considerable as that loss was, perhaps it alarmed him still less, than the disgrace he would suffer in his reputation as a connoisseur. However, being excessively vain, there remained one consolation, which was no other than the noise and *eclat*, so expensive a piece of extravagance would cause. For my part, though less vain than he, I then had a sufficient dose of that weakness to regret my bet but little from the same consideration.

However, we were obliged to set a good face on the matter, and, notwithstanding our apprehensions, we succeeded. The two racers started,—during the first heat our hopes revived a little;

at the second they wavered ;—before half the third, our fate was decided—The superannuated Pegasus, who bore our fortune, had lost both his legs and wind.—Vanity, as I said, supported F . . . under so great a disaster, and I returned home to pay down my share, with the Doctor, who blamed my remissness, in not saving myself as he had done, by betting again on the other side.

I was to dine with G * * *, my banker. The conversation through all Paris turned only upon the great event of the races, and people talked differently of their introduction into France. I, that day, heard the subject treated by two men, who appeared to form a very singular contrast. One of them was the celebrated L . . . This man, whose eloquence strikes the ear with an empty, noisy parade, has so accustomed himself to words, that he substitutes them for things, and a frivolous nation eagerly devours his superficial productions. Emboldened by success, he writes nonsense upon every subject every month, and exhibits a picture of the writer who has washed Nero white, and whose pen has exalted the government of the Sophi, who cuts off five or six heads at every health
he

he drinks of a liquor prohibited by the Koran, above the equitable and reciprocal yoke imposed by the British constitution, on the governor and the governed. —His genius flying from paradox to paradox, exercises itself on every subject, from the cedar to the hyssop. He uttered brilliant adfurdities on monarchies and republics, and, at last, like a torrent tumbling down a precipice, he at once descended to our cock-matches and horse-races.

As I listened, with astonishment, to this man, who was still more singular than celebrated, one of the company who sat next me, whispered in my ear, My Lord, you appear surprized at the coruscations of this fire-work.—The people of this country are fond of them.—This famous L . . . harangues with as little solidity on philosophy, as he gives dissertations on horses. Resolved to be singular in every thing, he affects to be as much prejudiced against you, as some of his countrymen seem infected with the *Anglomania*. He decides, in the same tone, upon your constitution, your politics, your arts, your amusements, and your follies, and is equally unacquainted with all; he speaks ridiculously of what is serious, and

serious of what is ridiculous. When the *Marquis de Poulainville*, in the comedy, has exhausted every effort by *petarades* and *fusees*, to wake the torpid and motionless *Jacques Rosbif*: You are truly a very comical fellow, says the last to him coldly when he rises—That scene seems parodied by this inexhaustible, but unreasonable haranguer, whenever his audience, or his reader have common sense.—Let us hear him, he is going to give vent to some absurdities which he will put in print.

In fact, he spoke nearly as follows: “What a difference between the games of the Greeks and the English races. Let us imitate the Greeks, gentlemen, and leave the English to themselves. What an absurdity to have recourse to postilions of that country, to subject ourselves to the formality of weighing the riders and furniture, to the obligation of adding a weight to the lightest, and to imitate in every thing, the grimaces of this English scrupulousness!”

Sir, replied a fat gentleman, with a whip and boots, the Greeks you talk of, were much better judges of poetry and eloquence than of horses? I read Virgil when at School, but he has not been of the

the least service to me for the management of my stud in the Limoufin. You talk like an angel, but, for my part, I am a judge of horses.

“How, Sir, would you subject us to the ceremonial of London rather than of Olympia!” replied the *Bel-Esprit*; “No, no, let us turn over P. Montfaucon, let us disguise ourselves under a masque of Phocis*. Let us have *Automedons*, not *Jockeys*.”

I do not understand you now, replied the fat gentleman; I have too far forgot what was taught me at school, to perceive clearly the merit of that doctrine; but setting aside your *Automedons*, and all your high sounding words, it appears to me very reasonable to weigh the burdens with which the two animals, of supposed equal strength, are to be loaded, in order to make them run equal distances, in a manner likewise equal. If an *Automedon* did not attend to this as well as a jockey, so much the worse for him, Sir, he was a blockhead, and ought to lose the bet. “Then, Sir, according to the principle of this pretended equality, in the ren-

* Perhaps, the author meant Elis, where Olympia was situated.

counters to which personal vengeance compels two individuals against each other, and constrains them to expose their lives for the satisfaction of their honour, we ought likewise to weigh their swords and cloaths, to measure their arms, to calculate the nimbleness of their wrists, and the quickness of their eyes! The best fencer ought to be manacled, and he who is disfigured by a *Myopy*, to be furnished with glasses! Never was a conclusion drawn more preposterously from the premises, than in these of the balance so foolishly applied by the English to the preliminaries of equestrian trials."

Sir, Sir, if this second case was a bet as well as the first, the betters would do well to take the precautions you mention, though you overcharge them a little. There is too great dissimilarity between these things, and their motives, to allow a parallel. If I consent that my horse bear an equal burden with yours, it is only wagering implicitly, that he is as strong as yours. This is all the English do. The aim is to facilitate the matching of the horses; that is all—"But, Sir, when I bring mine into the lists, I understand that he shall enjoy all his natural advantages."

And

And I, Sir, who do not confound natural advantages with the accidental disadvantage of a greater weight to carry, consider two things: if the natural advantages of the animal, whose speed I oppose to you, are inferior to yours, I do not bet against you; if mine, with equal natural advantages, bears a heavier weight, I consider that he is weakened by this difference, and again, I withdraw my bet. I know not if the Greeks acted thus; if they did not, they must frequently have lost their money very foolishly.

“ And what do you think, Sir, of the extravagant regimen prescribed by the philosophers of the Thames, for the competitors at New-Market, whose object is to lessen their strength, in order to increase their speed.”

I think, Sir, that philosophy quite to the purpose. Speed is the object, consequently, the regimen which produces it is the best.

“ How, Sir, is it by macerations, by the habitual use of strong liquors, that we fit ourselves for violent exercise. The Arabian horses, the noblest, the strongest, and the fleetest in the world, are not prepared after the English manner, yet they travel forty leagues a day without the bridle

dle being taken out of their mouths. The grooms of that country would be astonished at hearing, that in Europe the horses cannot be made long-winded, without bursting them with ratifia, and at seeing that the course where the prize is to be given to strength and rapidity, is filled only with skeletons."

To undeceive you with regard to the ratifia, Sir, it would be necessary to give you the trouble of seeing how horses are treated; you would find a regimen different from what you imagine. Had you seen those Arabian horses in the condition they are in, when they carry their riders forty leagues in one day, you would have seen that they were a little like skeletons too: that strength and speed, which ought to be crowned, have nothing more to do with roundness and flesh, than good sense with the swell of periods, or truth with the sparkling wit of a parody.

L * * multiplied his suppositions, and paid no attention to the horse-breeder, who, in such matters, knew more than the whole bar, and all the authors in the nation together: a few days after, he printed all the absurdities he had uttered.

The

The reader will pardon me for having filled up the void of this day's transaction, with an account of this extraordinary conversation. As the danger of thinking wrong is one of those errors that ought to be pointed out to youth, I have not wandered from my purpose, by stripping the L**s of their tinsel.

THE happy day (none forth at last) My anxious impatience repellant-
ed the two preceding days as two ages-
the excellent Doctor was all alive. Vic-
tory! victory! cried he on entering: Sir
Water is at last packed off, and at this
moment, is making the best of his way to
Calais; the happy hour approaches, the
crown of myrtle is prepared, the altar and
the victim await you. Such was the text,
the reader is already sufficiently acquainted
ed with his character, to conjecture what
kind of commentary he added. I shall
pass lightly over such incidents as were
of little importance in the transactions of
the day: nor will I attempt to describe
that impatience which must be easily con-
ceived, that I may come to the period
when the critical moment was cruelly post-
poned, and where my anxious desires
were stopped in their career, by one of
those tricks of the profession, which, how-
ever common, do not fail daily to impose.
The

DAY THE TENTH.

We should never reckon without our Host.

THE happy day shone forth at last. My amorous impatience represented the two preceding days as two ages;—the excellent Doctor was all alive. Victory! victory! cried he on entering: Sir Walter is at last packed off, and, at this moment, is making the best of his way to Calais; the happy hour approaches, the crown of myrtle is prepared, the altar and the victim await you. Such was the text; the reader is already sufficiently acquainted with his character, to conjecture what kind of commentary he added. I shall pass slightly over such incidents as were of little importance in the transactions of the day; nor will I attempt to describe that impatience which must be easily conceived, that I may come to the period when the critical moment was cruelly postponed, and where my anxious desires were stopped in their career, by one of those tricks of the profession, which, however common, do not fail daily to impose.

The

The Royal Academy of Music having finished their tinkling din, I carried Mademoiselle . . . to her home. Her coachman, Champagne, made me fly along in triumph by the light of a couple of flambeaux, which were carried by the heydukes, who were behind the coach, from the Opera to the street de Montmartre. A thousand jealous admirers envied my good fortune, and saw me carry off my conquest: my vanity was indulged, and I hoped very soon to have my love gratified. Upon entering her house, I found that agreeable and affecting solitude, which announces a premeditated victory over a provident mistress. My rivals had disappeared, and every thing had seemed to conspire in rendering my triumph complete. The cousin was probably employed at the same time in bestowing a triumph, and we supped *tete-a-tete*. It was impossible that my impatience could long relish the pleasures of the table, and I longed for the end of our entertainment.

Unfortunately, I had committed an unpardonable crime, for my whole attention, the two preceding days, being taken up in thinking only of my desires, I had forgot the terms upon which the fair creature had consented to give up one week
of

of her life in my favour. The diligent and provident Provençe possibly had some avocations which diverted his attention likewise, as he had no more foresight than myself. Yet, if the impatience of my desires had left me time to reflect, I should have thought that my word might have been taken, especially after the preliminary compliment of the knot of diamonds had been delivered; but who could ever imagine, that the amiable flattering god of love was, after all, only a pirate, who would not consent to a treaty of ransom, without the pleasing sound of current coin? It was all in vain;—I could not inspire my goddess with one spark of that fire with which I was animated; pensive and frozen, she almost thrust me from her;—some sighs escaped her, but they were not the sighs of tenderness, nor of desire: I was confounded and astonished; in a timid tone of voice I ventured to ask what sudden and unlooked for cause had deprived her of that captivating gaiety she had while at the opera.—Nothing, said she, with a forbidding air:—I attempted to warm her frozen heart, by the ardour of the most passionate transports. Cold and motionless, she endured, but partook not of my raptures; every instant increas-

ed.

ed my confusion and regret: I begged, prayed, and conjured her, but nothing could dispel that cloud, which interposed between me, and that supreme happiness, which I hoped to have found expressed in her eyes. My Lord, said the fair one, looking at me with an air of sorrow, you do not love me; wherefore affect those transports which you do not feel? I had recourse to the strongest oaths. To what end, said she, those trifling assurances? Every day they are lavished upon us, but at the same time, with an intention of violating these foolish protestations. Ah! my Lord, you are very amiable, but Sir Walter loved me with sincere affection. Notwithstanding the impression which the sight of you has made upon my heart, I cannot help reflecting upon his departure with regret. If you knew with what candour and simplicity he acted! Although you have been but a few days in Paris, I already find a little of the Frenchman in you; I dread that disposition.—How said I, a little of the Frenchman?—Yes, intoxicated with the idea of your own merits, you imagine, perhaps, like them, that a woman is sufficiently rewarded for the preference she gives you, by being in possession of your person. Your figure is

most

most engaging, and you may flatter yourself upon that head with much more propriety than most of these gentlemen; but experience has taught me to prefer the real and solid proofs of your countrymen, to all the charms which art and nature have in their power to bestow.

I did not sufficiently comprehend Mademoiselle, and I likewise exhausted myself in fruitless speeches, without laying hold of what was most essential. Finding that I did not comprehend her meaning, the fair creature was quite disconcerted, and making a pretence for quitting the room, left me with Sophy who had just entered, probably trusting to her management for informing my youth and simplicity.

The favourite waiting maid cleared up the matter without much ceremony, by informing me of the cause of that reserve, and those scruples which I had not conceived. My Lord, said she, will you give me leave to speak freely? Mademoiselle is a steady provident girl; experience has inspired her with the spirit of precaution; we know very well how you transacted your affair with Mademoiselle; and without flattering ourselves, we think we may carry our pretensions at least as high;—our honour is called

called upon to support these claims. My mistress has not a Mamma to enter into treaty for her, but I see plainly that you have not fulfilled your agreement. As my mistress is a woman of her word, she is full of doubts, every time that she is deceived. —But, said I hastily, I waited the moment of Sir Walter's departure, and Provence—Ah! my Lord, Provence forgot the main thing; he talked of returning again, when every obstacle should be removed. These words, let me into the matter at once, and shewed me the foundation of all Mademoiselle 's scruples, and I had the remedy in my pocket-book, but in looking for it there, I was afraid to see how much it had lost in weight and substance.

Although my character had never been influenced by interested motives, and that they had never made me hesitate in the gratification of any of my passions, I believe that if I had not spied the title my Spanish treasures, upon which I had secured an indemnity for all my foolish presents, I should have shut up my pocket-book, without having courage to extract the remedy for the fluctuating disposition of my new mistress. The reader will remember that it was a thousand louis-d'ors:
 —My

—My finances were got so low, that two or three such prescriptions must bring to an end all those recipes which expand the blossoms of the love of our theatrical Armida's.

The Abigail, run to repair my omission, without loss of time, and instantly her mistress returned. What a metamorphosis! Her face was cloathed in smiles, her looks were tender, her complaisance excessive; however, my happiness was deferred till the next day; my relenting divinity pleaded with regret such reasons as were to be respected. Compelled to yield to her delicacy, I found my desires the more enflamed, but I was obliged to submit.

Although my character had never been influenced by interested motives, and that they had never made me hesitate in the gratification of any of my passions, I believe that I had not spied the title my Spanish treasures, upon which I had incurred an indemnity for all my foolish pretensions, I should have shut up my pocket-book, without having courage to exact the remedy for the fluctuating disposition of my new mistress. The reader will remember that it was a thousand pounds—My

DAY THE ELEVENTH.

A new Folly, of which the Reader will see the Consequences.—How expensive it is to learn Politeness.—Hope frustrated.

MY desires were irritated by disappointment. I had so narrowly missed the happiness I expected to have seized the first instant of our *tete-a-tete*! but it had escaped me, like the waters from the lips of Tantalus. I passed the night in impatience, and, the instant I waked, my madness rose to such a pitch, that, in order to gain a ready and complete victory, I determined to increase my liberalities so high, that the fair one should find it impossible to resist them. That very moment I sent for a jeweller. One of my occasional valets, who probably guessed for whom my intended purchase was destined, offered to bring Mr. Crook, who was employed by Mademoiselle I consented to it. In a few minutes he came, and displayed before me a dozen dazzling Ecraings.

I was

I was in suspense about the choice, when the Doctor came seasonably to determine me. My Lord, said the tradesman, I luckily have something which I met with by accident: it is elegant, and you shall have it a bargain. He then drew out of his pocket a necklace, which we viewed with admiration. He rated it at the moderate price of twelve thousand livres; in truth, said he, I am giving it you for nothing. My friend, the physician, affected to examine this trinket with the scrupulous attention of a connoisseur. He commented upon every collet, and concluded with saying, it must be allowed, that is not dear. To take five hundred louis-d'ors out of my pocket-book, began to embarrass me; however, I could not resist the desire of making a figure on this important occasion. I took the Doctor aside, in order to impart my difficulty to him.—Pshaw! pshaw! replied he, very loud, it is a trifle—your Lordship must not let that prevent you. Mr. Crook is a friend of mine, and loves to make things easy. If the jewel suits you, he will be content with your note.—How! my Lord, replied the obliging and polite jeweller, my whole stock is at your service. If these diamonds can do you any pleasure;—I
may,

may, notwithstanding, take such arrangements as you shall think proper.—So much generosity and confidence made me incapable of entertaining the least suspicion of Mr. Crook, and without even imagining it possible, that a man of his cast would overcharge me, I entreated him to carry the diamonds himself to Mademoiselle—Nothing more is necessary than that your Lordship will give me a few words of acknowledgment. He immediately drew out a note for the value, which I signed.

By the help of gold, Jupiter eluded the vigilance of Danaus, and softened the cruelty of his daughter. Under the form of that all powerful metal, he even made his way into the brazen tower, where she was confined. Diamonds work as great miracles.

Loaded with my presents, the fair . . . shewed, in her turn, the most eager impatience to crown so judicious efforts to please her. Mr. Crook delivered her compliments of thanks, like an orator, and assured me, that I was expected with impatience. I flew thither in my morning dress; how gallant you are, my Lord, cried my Princess, when she saw me enter! Indeed, my Lord, you are irresistible.—

I an-

I answered,——she replied. The reader suffers his imagination to take wing, and hastens before me, to finish the scene. But he is mistaken. The dextrous female played her part admirably well; this was not her first essay. She was interrupted at the very moment——upon which she eagerly said to me, so happy a day ought to be closed with an entertainment:——this evening I expect you, I intend to crown you in the presence of all your rivals. We must part; there is some company coming.—My enchantress re-conducted me to the anti-chamber, where I completed my intoxication, by kissing her beautiful hand, and drinking from her looks large draughts of love and folly.

I dressed myself, and went with the Doctor to dine at Barons, whose vast conceptions had engaged me in the judicious scheme that emboldened me to empty my pocket-book. From the Baron's, I went to shew myself at the Opera, from whence, more light and brilliant than Zephyr, I flew to find my Flora. It was near ten o'clock, when I arrived at Mademoiselles. What a confusion, what a noise;——forty coaches barricaded the entry. The coachmen were reeking in the gate-way. A multitude of
lacqueys

lacqueys crouded the anti-chambers; fifty elegant *Petits Maitres*, and the like number of adorable nymphs, fluttered in the apartments. The eyes of so many happy mortals were turned upon a single person. The men, by their jealous looks, seemed to envy his happiness, and the women to watch his glances.

This happy man was I; indeed, the bliss was well worth more than I could pay. My pocket-book, why wast thou not then full? I would willingly have parted with thee in exchange for a single moment of such pleasure.

The ball begun. The company made me open it with the mistress of the house. — My ears rung with insidious encomiums. — 'Tis love dancing with the most beautiful of the graces, said they. — Let the reader figure to himself fifty young Frenchmen, thus with ironical praise playing upon a poor, stiff, aukward booby, rendered still more ridiculous by the magnificence of his accoutrements, and whose stupid vanity made him take every thing they said for current coin. — I was made much of, encircled, carested. — Men, women — the whole company rivalled each other in paying their court to me. At midnight, a magnificent cold collation
was

was served up, after which the dance was resumed. While part of the guests were enjoying this amusement, others were rambling through apartments opened on purpose, and lighted in exact proportion to the different scenes designed to be acted in them. On the other side, several parties engaged in deep play. Two Marquisses, and a Knight of Malta, challenged me to try my fortune.—They managed their business so artfully, and were so engaging, that it was not in my power to resist them. Fortune, doubtless, jealous of the favours that were to be lavished on me by love, had resolved to mitigate their excess by the most cruel rigour, and the demons of hell certainly conspired with her to lead me astray. I was affected with a delirium still more violent than when with Major Saggs, though that might have been in some sort excused, as being the effect of intoxication; in short, in less than two hours, the unfortunate pocket-book was entirely blown up, and nothing remained but the hopes from Spain.—Love! Love! art not thou then the most powerful of the deities? At that moment I felt a rage, which all thy sweets were incapable of calming. In vain did thy myrtles present themselves to my eyes, my
frozen

frozen senses were dead to the most charming hopes which thou couldst inspire.

What was still more fatal, the enormous sum I had lost, began to transpire. Already, they who had eagerly fixed their eyes upon me, turned away with indifference. The least inhuman contented themselves with coolly pitying me, my traiterous mistress employed in collecting the winnings of a pool, seemed ignorant or regardless of my misfortune. I reflected upon so rapid a change;—gloomy and pensive at first, the fear of soon flying into a paroxysm of fury, made me hasten to quit a place, where, at my entrance, I had seen an image of heaven, but which now only presented to me hell in all its horrors.—I passed through anti-chambers, floating with the nauseous effects of the intoxication of snoring lacqueys, and throwing myself into my carriage, hastily ordered the amazed coachman to drive to the Hotel.

Provence never dreamed of sitting up for me, he therefore got up to undress me.—Good God! my Lord, cried he, I thought you in the arms of the finest woman in Paris. I see you pale, exhausted, your looks wild and furious.—Monsieur Provence, said I to him in a sullen tone, your coun-

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trymen

trymen are great rogues.—My Lord, they are to be met with in every country.

—I have the misfortune to meet with none but such.—The reason is, that men of worth must be courted, and they who are not, court us.

I was surprized at hearing this moral sentiment from the mouth of the agent of my pleasures. I did not know that the vices of dependants are in a great measure owing to their situation, and that commonly they are copies of ourselves.—My Lord, added he, you must take a little rest: if you deign, to-morrow, to give me a particular account of your misfortune, I will try to find a remedy.—I frowned; his reflections seemed to me impertinent and out of season.—I went to bed in a gloomy stupid silence. When my curtains were drawn, I fell a prey to regret and disquiet. My imagination wandered in search of resources to supply the exigencies of the moment. The mines offered me only a distant compensation. At last, I forced myself to ground a hope upon the good offices of the Doctor. By help of this illusion, I recovered my spirits so much, that I even vented a sigh for Mademoiselle I was again seized with my original giddiness, and taxed myself with

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with weakness for my departure. After these excellent reflections I tried to sleep, but in vain : it was not till day appeared, that slumber deigned to close my eyes.

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DAY

DAY THE TWELFTH.

*Prudence of Doctor ***. A Retreat which
I ought to have expected.*

THE cool reflection of the morning, presented to my mind the true state of the evening's transactions, accompanied with all its horrors. These charming men, and seducing women, no longer appeared in my eyes but a parcel of foolish pick-pockets, and worthless courtezans. In vain did I attempt to restore that varnish, by which I had at first been seduced. My sad disaster engrossing my thoughts, the illusion fled far away; —I saw all their baseness, and all my own folly.

I sent for the Doctor, who had not been at the entertainment; and I charged my misfortune to his absence; I wished for his advice and consolation. He at last came. —Ah! my dear friend, said I, I am ruined! My pocket-book — What! said he, is it empty? — Here he was struck dumb, and stood quite mute, with
a frozen

a frozen look, and his eyes glewed to the cieling. As he continued in profound silence, I do not know, added I, to what I shall have recourse.——My Lord, said he, this is very unfortunate.——Well, my dear Doctor, I have need of your advice, and assistance. — You have quite confounded me, but your banker, G . . . —I am excessively vexed that your credit which you have so unfortunately exhausted, was not upon We were interrupted by a letter which was brought me. I saw in English what follows :

MY LORD,

“ My affliction is excessive ; I regretted exceedingly your having left my house so abruptly last night, yet considering every thing, perhaps it was rather fortunate, for you must have been witness to an affront which I received, and your presence could have only made it more affecting. Ah ! my Lord, what a difference between the liberty of this country and yours. Only think, I have been found fault with for the ball which I gave, and because I permitted gaming in my house. Forgive me if I say that your imprudence

in some degree has occasioned me to be thus exposed; you are in the number of those who are said to have reason to complain, yet you know that every one was left to his own inclination. Consider, my Lord, what it is for such a woman as I to be *reprimanded*. I conjure you do not come here this day, &c."

I have in a great measure forgot this charming epistle, however, I have at least given the spirit and substance of it. I should be ashamed to transcribe the answer which I sent; I will only say that it was of a piece with that credulity and unfortunate milkiness which had led me, to say nothing more, from weakness to weakness.

I sent it by one of my people. He found that the lady was decamped: She had got into the Marquis de . . . 's carriage immediately upon the breaking up of the ball, after writing the Adieu, which I had just received. A brutal ignorant porter, still filled with the fumes of the wine, which he had swallowed the evening before, gave this account to my messenger, who repeated it to me without reserve.

Ruined

Ruined at play, betrayed, or rather tricked a second time by love, judge what was my rage? There did not remain the least illusion to divert my attention, and the veil which should have dropt from before my eyes, was torn away by violence.

The Doctor, with whom I was engaged at the time I received the letter, which I just now mentioned, disappeared most expeditiously, while I was writing the answer.—When I inquired for him, I was told that he had left the hotel.—I sent to his house but he was not at home. O my exhausted pocket-book! how you change people.

Left to myself I spent the rest of the day in cruel perplexity, till I was worn out with vain projects, which, to ward off the calamities, fate presented to my view.

DAY THE THIRTEENTH.

*An unexpected Accumulation of Misfortunes.—Bitter Disgrace.—Consolation.—
An extraordinary Meeting.*

AFTER all the misfortunes which had befallen me during twelve days residence in this capital, I could not expect that fate had reserved disgraces a thousand times more irksome for the thirteenth. What had happened hitherto was but a prelude to what I was destined to suffer. After every thing had been united which could humble my vanity and punish my imprudence in secret, the most shameful vexations and the most disgraceful affronts were still to be added.

Having passed the night in restless agitation, I felt some stinging pains towards morning, which being local, the cause could not be mistaken, and the discovery filled me with the greatest horror. Ye young and imprudent travellers, however little you may have cultivated opera acquaintances,

quaintances, ye undoubtedly understand me ; but more especially if your connections have been formed by people whose profession depends upon fores and swellings, you can scarcely have escaped such accidents. My blood being put in a ferment by this woful discovery, was rendered still more corrosive by the most oppressive reflections. I shed tears of anger and distraction, and with horror recollected the execrable I was plunged in an abyfs dug under my feet, by repentance, shame, and despair, when Mr. Crook, the honest dealer, who had given me credit for the necklace, which I had sent to the treacherous Mademoiselle . . . , was announced.

My Lord, said he, in a smooth tone, I come to receive payment of your Lordship's note.—I was astonished at a demand so unexpected. How, said I, with a faltering voice, and turning pale like a criminal, which the jeweller observing ; —Yes, my Lord, said he, in a more severe manner, I am informed that you are going to set out for England. I am persuaded, that you did not propose to depart until you had settled with me ; I am come—I set out for England ! there is not the least likelihood of it.—Yes,

my Lord, I was informed of it last night from good authority; there were so many circumstances added, when I was made acquainted with your intentions, that I thought it prudent to be provided against all events; but I should think myself much to blame, if I did not behave in the most unexceptionable manner to your Lordship. The decree which I have procured is only a form, by way of precaution, because I am certain it is very far from your thoughts to do me an injury. Your going away in a clandestine manner, is only a chimera of those people who sent me the information. It is very possible, that you have reasons to hasten your return to England, without any intention of carrying off the property of a poor tradesman.

At every word which my doubtful and cautious creditor pronounced, I was more and more thunderstruck. That indignation which such injurious treatment could not fail to inspire, succeeded to my astonishment. Circumstanced as I was, I ought to have restrained my anger; but being provoked by all the misfortunes and insults which poured upon me at once, I forgot that the man who is in debt, has pledged his liberty to the person to whom
he

he is become a debtor; and giving full scope to my rage, I imprudently abused the man, in whose power I had put myself. He replied to my fruitless reproaches, with threatnings which he did not delay to put in execution. The fiery Provence, no less provoked than I was, drove him with violence out of my apartment.

In the struggle, the enraged Mr. Crook dropped a note out of his pocket, which one of my people having picked up, instantly put it in my hands, I opened it, but how great was my astonishment, when, in well-known characters, I hastily read what follows:

S I R,

“ The obligations which I owe you, and the good understanding which should subsist between us, oblige me to inform you that *the young fool* ruined himself last night at my house. He went off raging mad, and will infallibly go to his own country, without giving notice. It is not enough that I get rid of him; you likewise should be satisfied. The sudden retreat of his countryman two months ago, should be a lesson to you to take the necessary precautions

cautions by times. As for me, I am going to the country with the little Marquis, and, at our return, you and I shall settle our little matters. Burn this."

Horror and dismay made me let the paper drop from my hands. The infernal furies could not equal the ecstasy of my rage: it was so violent, that I was almost suffocated. I sent to inquire for the Doctor, and my messenger brought word that he too was gone into the country, to pass two or three days with a patient. A patient! cried I, 'tis the only one;—the first since my arrival in Paris:—I penetrate the mystery of this iniquity. The villain shares with the others in the booty! I had not strength sufficient to say any more:—horror, at such a number of treacheries, plunged me, for a couple of hours, into a situation difficult to describe, and when I began to recover, I fell into new perplexity. My imagination represented all the ministers of justice surrounding me, and set on by the crowd of infamous wretches, who had ensnared me into this abyss*.

* The sense in the original is here very dubious but the translator hopes he has given the meaning.

There

There was not a moment to be lost, and it was high time to take some measures. I sent in search of my implacable creditor, to tell him that he might come and receive payment. My messenger found him but little inclined to return, yet the hope of touching the money brought him back. I know, Sir, said I to him, as soon as he entered, it is only these villains who have robbed me, that could inspire you with those apprehensions which made you insult me, but that does not signify, they must be dissipated. I have a deed of considerable value, which I propose to place in your hands as a security till you receive payment. My Lord, said he, notwithstanding the usage I have to complain of, and pressing demands for money, I shall still think myself happy in being useful to you, and will give into any measure that is reasonable. Well, Sir, replied I, if you are not paid in a month, the deed shall be your own. O, my Lord, I only ask what is my due, with the lawful interest, which is but reasonable. Far be from me the tricks of hard unreasonable souls, who get possession of pledges, three and four times the value, and the very instant of forfeiture,

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ture, confiscate them to their own advantage.

I then took the precious bond for the share in the mines out of my pocket-book;—here Sir, said I, here is your security. After having glanced over it, he coldly replied, is this all the security you have to give me? How all! This deed cost me three thousand louis d'ors, and you cannot have it for five thousand upon the 'Change. He smiled with a look of contempt. My Lord, I have some such as this to sell you for fifteen hundred livres, and in eight days time they will fetch no price. Good morning to you, my Lord, I kiss your hands, my time is precious. If your money is ready, send it to my house before one o'clock. He then went away. I remained speechless, and more enraged than before; I was stupified with despair, which deprived me of all powers of thinking. Frightened at having made so great a sacrifice for nothing, I waited my misfortune in silence, and with a wild insensibility.

The fatal hour had but just struck, when I was arrested in the king's name. Had thunder fallen at my feet, it could not have had a more terrible effect. At sight of the bailiffs who surrounded me,
I roared

I roared like a lion; I foamed at the mouth, and the tears streamed in torrents down my cheeks. I was obliged to go, and was carried to the *Fort l'Eveque* with Provence. Having arrived at an abode, whose horrors were so new to me, I felt a cold sweat over my whole body;—the sight of such hideous monsters as were before my eyes, with the noise of twenty wickets, which were opened with a rattling din, made me start most terribly. Having traversed several apartments of this dreadful dwelling, between two rows of prisoners, who were attracted by curiosity to gaze at me, I came to a gloomy retreat, which I was told was the place allotted for me;—I threw myself, or rather I fell without strength, and almost insensible, upon a wretched truckle bed without furniture, which was standing before me. I continued sobbing and in tears till the evening, without being able to reply to the comfort which the distressed Provence employed to raise my exhausted spirits. I refused every kind of nourishment;—I was so overwhelmed, that if the stinging pains, which avenged insulted modesty, had not, from time to time, revived a disagreeable

disagreeable recollection of my hateful existence, my dejection would have been like death itself.

About six o'clock in the evening, the horrid noise of keys rattling, interrupted that silence which reigns under the hideous vaults of this frightful abode. My door was opened, but what was my shame and confusion, when I saw the Chevalier . . . and Bouillac. At sight of them, I quickly turned my head, and with my hands endeavoured to hide my face, while my tears flowed with double violence, and my distracted soul was ready to expire. Wherefore this affliction? said the Chevalier . . ., in the most gentle manner; we are your friends, and come here only to oblige you. The report of the insult which you have suffered, has reached us; we have not hesitated a moment;—do us the favour, my Lord, to accept our good offices, in return for the confidence which we request. I have brought Bouillac with me, because I am certain that his good heart will engage him to serve you with his wonted activity.

I cast a melancholy look towards them;—an emotion of melting gratitude made me

me lay hold of the Chevalier . . . 's hand; but, seized with shame and confusion, I instantly let it go, and sunk again upon the bed. Courage, my dear friend, said he, youth may be guilty of some follies, but our friends should be permitted to extricate us. Explain yourself openly, without which we can do nothing. A little encouraged by these expressions, I recovered strength, while I was interrupted by sighs and tears, to explain the circumstances and cause of my anguish. There is not in all this sufficient cause for such deep affliction, said Bouillac; we shall defer to another opportunity, making such reflections as your situation might produce, but at present, we must think of getting you out of this dreary abode. Your banker must be made acquainted with your necessities, and the speedy consumption of the credit which you had upon him, may be supplied by his confidence in us. I am sorry, said the Chevalier . . ., that I cannot get you released before to-morrow morning, but we must endeavour, for this night, to procure all the comfort and conveniencies, which can be collected in so short a time, and in such a place. Take courage, I leave
you

you that I may be employed to abridge your confinement; and going away, he left Bouillac with me, whose tender and indulgent friendship entirely cured my despair, and, by calm reflections prepared to amend those faults for which I blushed most sincerely.—The keeper of the prison did not delay, but made me walk into a more convenient and decent apartment. After making me take some slight nourishment, the Chevalier Bouillac bedewed with my grateful tears, quitted me with watery eyes.

I began to breathe.—Like an unfortunate wretch dragged from the bottom of a deep river, and gradually restored to life by draining off the suffocating fluid, my soul began to surmount her sorrows. I grew drowsy from fatigue, notwithstanding the acute pains with which my body was afflicted.

After my mind was restored to peace, I should have given myself up to sleep, if Provence had not announced the visit of two prisoners, who were anxious to see me. It was my Lord M . . . and M. P . . .; he had scarce time to tell their names, when without waiting any answer, they

they entered almost as soon as he did. Well, my dear countryman, said my Lord M . . . , by what unhappy accident do we find you in our company. As to me I am senior of the house, and become as good a philosopher as Seneca ;—a wise man may find happiness every where. I live like a king, and don't care a fig for the scoundrels who had me confined, and I would rather continue an age in this place, than pay them a single halfpenny. As for poor P . . . here, his stoicism is not yet arrived at such a pitch as to fancy this cursed Caucasus, to be Olympus. He sometimes laments his situation, but when he is so childish, with good wine and punch, and some pretty girls who come to help us to philosophise, I bring him into good humour, and teach him to bid defiance to misfortunes.

I hearkened with surprise to a discourse which must appear very extraordinary in the mouth of the person who spoke it; but without giving me time to answer, he added, this day is a festival with us, if you please you must be chearful ;—melancholy has never kept her ground in my presence; if she does, you will be the first into whom my advice and example
has

has failed to inspire at one and the same time the inflexibility of Epictetus, and the gaiety of Democritus. Come my dear Lord, I want to shew you some philosophers of my school, we have a great number of good company here, and many of them more honest than those who keep them confined.

I would gladly have been excused, but they would not admit of any apology, and I was obliged to let myself be dragged into Lord M . . . 's apartment. There was an excellent supper, and the best company of the *Fort l'Eveque*. I could make but a sorry figure at this entertainment.—They vainly attempted to rouse me from my silence.—There is a custom established among us, said Lord M after supper, which is, that every new comer, shall make a candid confession of the causes which have procured to us the pleasure of seeing him; and to encourage him, every one in his turn, gives him a genuine history of their disgrace; it is by this early confession that we know one another; therefore, my dear Lord, prepare to give yours, and in the mean time listen to mine.

Women, wine, play, knaves, and pick-pockets, in bands, and in feathers, but chiefly

chiefly a physician, whom our countrymen frequently quote in similar situations, and lastly my own follies, have all co-operated to clap upon me this stone doubler; but the ill designing people who were the cause of my being foisted up in this place, will have their pains for their trouble. Thanks to my philosophy, I enjoy a good state of health, and I hope to tire their patience.—It is your turn now friend P, tell us your story without blushing or finching.

My history, my Lord, turns upon the same points nearly with what you have already heard, and the like causes have brought me into this prison; but the great physician has acted a more distinguished part in my adventures. I can scarcely relate my affairs, *ab ovo*, without affixing his name to the title. You must know, then, that I had been but eight days in Paris, when I had the misfortune to get acquainted with the Doctor. I was spur'd on a little by the demon of the flesh, and vainly blowed the coal from a ridiculous desire of being the subject of conversation. The most officious Doctor discovered for me a pretended innocent, who was under the wing of the *dearest* of

of all *mammas*. I purchased, and paid like a Lord for first fruits, which, perhaps, had been already sold the hundredth time; but I was not long before I discovered the imposition. Provoked at being tricked, I wished to retract certain engagements which I had come under to the supposed mother; but the cautious cunning hag, well versed in the practice, and perfectly acquainted with the style of the notary, had given them a form, to which no reply could be made but by payment; but I would not pay, and was therefore brought to this place of reflection, where I contend the matter by the help of an attorney, who knows the law with all its windings and turnings. My suit is quite plain. By the anecdotes of the life of the little Mademoiselle I, which I have been able to collect from more than one Br——l, I prove that I did not receive value, which of course renders null my engagements. I go still farther, *est error personæ*, for the worthy Madam I promised to deliver me her daughter, and her daughter new and chaste as Diana: but she delivered the daughter of a mean washerwoman, in the neighbourhood of the Boulevard, where virginity never yet inhabited.

inhabited. You see, my Lord, my cause is a good one, but nevertheless I am shut up here by the interposition of five or six *Fripiers**, whom the good lady has employed. If it had not been for my Lord M , I should have given up to silly despair, and perhaps have thrown that money into the laps of my persecutors, which I hope to make them purchase, by going through all the siftings of the Police; besides, you see we live a jolly life here.—Your health, my Lord, I am glad to see you in this place.

All the guests, by turns, entertained me with the recital of their histories, which were much like those already told, and at last it came to my turn. My Lord M and M. P . . . , said I, have imputed their disgrace to the faculty. It is to the instigations of the same man, that I am indebted for the shame and disgrace of having been guilty of more follies in ten or twelve days, and having been a greater dupe in that short time, than they have been in whole years. I gave them the particulars of what happened to me during my residence, and when

* *Fripiers* are people who sell second-hand cloaths.

I had

I had done, comfort yourself said P. . . ., you are not the only man whom he has led into a scrape, and probably you will not be the last.—Thank God, however, that things have turned out in this manner. He has been the cause of your pains, and that is bad enough, but it would have been much worse with you, if he had undertaken to cure them.

They would have had me spend the rest of the night in their company, and it was with difficulty I could prevail with my Lord M to let me go to take a little rest, that I might be able to settle my affairs next morning! How! settle, said he, you are going to leave us very soon then? My Lord, replied I, I have not much philosophy, and I possess a handsome fortune—I had rather sacrifice my money, and preserve a strength of mind, of which I am obliged to be an oeconomist for a better purpose; besides, the air of this place, however agreeable your good company might make it, does not suit with my present state of health. Adieu then, my dear Lord, get well, and begin again, that you may return to us as soon as you can; it is an even bet that you will find me here ready to receive you.

I re-

I retired quite oppressed and worn out with pain, but could not enjoy any quiet sleep for the acute torments caused by the infection with which I had been seized, and horrid startings out of frightful dreams that my brain was filled with by the hideousness of the place and the disagreeable occasion.

L DAY

DAY THE FOURTEENTH.

*Another Conversion which followed mine.—
The Story of Monsieur Provence.—My
getting out of Prison.—My Resolutions.*

ACROSS the suffocating heaps of houses, closely crouded together, which surround the *Fort l'Eveque*, Aurora, who makes her appearance later here than to the rest of Paris, being more lazy than me, found I was awake, when she darted her first rays between the iron bars which secured my window. I had been employed above an hour, in reflecting within myself, and blushing at the thoughts of the palpable artifices to which I had been a dupe. Indignation and rage had subsided, and nothing remained but that kind of self-contempt which is so near a-kin to a sincere purpose of amendment. In these first moments of my returning reason, I addressed myself to heaven, in expressions of thankfulness, even for those pains which were the sad and shameful fruit of guilty and deceitful pleasures.

I con-

I considered more particularly, the supple, crawling meanness, of that base contemptible wretch who had led me into those crooked paths, scattered with flowers, by which I arrived at vice and deep dishonour.

Provence was snoring soundly upon a bed which had been prepared for him in my chamber, and naturally became the subject of my observations; I had the justice to see nothing in this domestic, but the unconcerned and subordinate minister of my desires, whether tending to good or evil. Wretched effect of servitude, said I to myself, which makes us become worthless, though perhaps we are not corrupted! I drew an accurate parallel between base and submissive obedience, and the systematical subtilty of a man, whose free and elevated rank of life, should exalt his soul above the meanness to which servitude is obliged to submit. Seeing both the one and the other with a *caduceus* in their hands, I could by no means pardon the last, while an indulgence which appeared reasonable, inclined me to excuse the other.

I was resolved, however, to waken my ingenious valet-de-chambre. As he had been an accomplice in my follies, I was

willing to convert him as a first step to my own conversion.—I called him.—Monsieur Provence, said I, after what has happened, I ought to dismiss you from my service. By the contemptible piece of business which you transacted for me with so much skill, you contributed to hurry me over the precipice. This alone would be sufficient reason for my parting from you, but I am willing to forget the manner by which you assisted in leading my youth astray, because I dare to flatter myself, that you will adopt the sensible and honest conduct in future, which I am resolved to pursue with all who shall approach me.—My Lord, said he, in that rank where my unhappy circumstances placed me, I thought I owed the most perfect submission to your orders; but at the same time I must beg your Lordship will do me the favour to believe, that it was with no small regret I saw you give yourself up with such unbounded desires to all the irregularities into which you was hurried, but it was not my business to advise you, especially at a time when my advice would probably have been but ill received. I confess with sorrow, that I acted the part of the dog who carried his master's dinner on his neck. Not being able to save it
from

from the greediness of those who came round me, I took my share. I depend upon your Lordship's justice, however, to distinguish between a poor servant, who obeys the orders he receives, and the dangerous shameless villain, who lays the snare, and brings about the opportunity.—Monsieur Provence, I pardon you upon condition, that from henceforth your honesty shall equal your rhetoric.—My Lord, I should be excessively happy never to execute any of your orders, but such as will do you honour. I have not profited by scampering over the world. My situation has debased me, but I sometimes recollect the principles of my youth and education.—How, said I, your education? Yes, my education; it was very good, and I ought to have made a better use of it. If the recital of the adventures of such a poor devil is worth your notice, you will see, my Lord, that I strayed in just such paths as those in which your Lordship had like to have ruined yourself; and, that I may have particular reasons for lamenting the excess of the last error, in which you was unfortunately involved. In the course of my adventures, fatal experience has convinced me, how dangerous it is for a servant to remonstrate with his master:

female vengeance has written upon my back that never to be forgotten lesson; *Presume not to say any thing to your superiors but what they wish to hear.* I testified some curiosity to hear his history, because I wished to know what adventure of his, could have any connection with the unhappy course of events in which I had been engaged. He began nearly as follows:

I was born at Riez, of very worthy parents;—my father was a judge lateral, and my mother the daughter of a citizen, in easy circumstances, of Marseilles: I am an only son, having but one sister, who is at present happily settled at Frejus. At the death of my parents, I might have looked for a succession of about twenty thousand crowns, and, if my wandering disposition had permitted me to make a good use of this little fortune, I might have been at this time a creditable citizen in good circumstances, and have promised myself to have sat down, at least, on the *fleurs-de-lys* in some court of judicature: but warm passions, and a libertine spirit, made me fly out of all reasonable bounds, and destroyed this rational prospect. I studied at the college of Marseilles, and in all the tragedies which were played by the scholars, I excelled. This
little

little success inspired me with an eager desire to go upon the stage. I ran away one day from the boarding-house to steal to the theatre, and I was delighted with every thing I saw there. Among other things, I was most sensibly affected with the figure and performance of a young actress, whose eyes spoke much more eloquently than those of my professor. Before the piece was finished, I found myself at once fired with the love of Mademoiselle Victoire, and ensnared by the theatrical demon. From that instant, I was resolved to make my escape from college, and I watched the favourable opportunity to put my design in execution. I was informed by some of our day-scholars, who frequented the play-house at the risk of a whipping, that the company was about to leave Marfailles, to go and perform at Aix. So soon as I knew that they were on the road, I made my escape and joined them. My figure had the good fortune to please the manager, and had no less effect upon Mademoiselle Victoire, who had a considerable influence with him, as well as the rest of the company, to whom her beauty and talents were very useful. I was admitted into the company. I will not tire your Lordship with the particulars of my

life as a comedian: it is sufficient to say, that for two years, I trod the stage in all the country towns, and gave into all the debaucheries which commonly distinguish the wandering lives of strollers.

Being at last tired of rambling, I was resolved to go and try my fortune at Paris, as I durst not return to my relations in whose eyes the profession of a mountebank had made my elopement inexcusable. By being on the stage, where I had often confronted the hisses of the audience I acquired an assurance and intrepidity of countenance which is not to be attained elsewhere.—I very soon made a great number of coffee-house acquaintance, and among the rest that of a little hump-backed Italian priest, who lived by teaching the language of his country and selling antiques. This man was well acquainted with the resources to be found in a capital, and the different disguises which are the most propitious to the diligent. He advised me to assume the character of Abbe, and offer my services as a tutor. You are a handsome young fellow, said he, and in this dress, you cannot fail to please some reasonable woman who will put her son under your care, and without apprehending any bad consequences, may adjust

just matters with you. He took upon himself to find such a place for me. You cannot imagine, said he, what resources the little band affords us, for with it, we get admission every where, and it is the easy access it procures, which enables me to be of use to you on the present occasion; unhappily by being obliged to live by one's wit, we must assume the dress which carries our point the soonest, and under which we are best concealed.

In about four days after this discourse, my Italian came in quest of me. I have succeeded for you, said he, and you are to go upon my recommendation to the house of Madam . . . , who is the wife of a counsellor. This couple have an only son who is to be your pupil. Mr. is a man of threescore that idolizes his son, and leaves his wife to her own discretion. You will have very little to do with him. The desire of having an heir made him marry Madam about ten years ago, when she was about twenty. Satisfied if he could have posterity, nothing with regard to the conduct of his wife, except an indiscreet discovery, could shock him, and since she was not equal to the cares of domestic oeconomy, he consented that she should give it in charge to some

other person, but this is a liberty which his dear half indulges only with reserve and dignity. At thirty years of age this woman has all the fervour of a warm constitution, and a tutor of your age and figure, under this habit, which is the emblem of discretion, cannot fail to be agreeable to her. Meet me at five o'clock at the *Place-Royale*, and you shall be immediately introduced.

I was exact to a minute at the rendezvous, and that evening was introduced at the counsellor's. Madam examined me from head to foot, and after asking a few trivial questions, I was accepted. I did not delay in getting myself installed in this house, and soon observed that the care which was expected in the education of my pupil, was the least laborious part of my employment. The Mamma was fresh and relishing, and if I had been reasonable enough to be satisfied with the domestic employments, which she provided, I might have lived a long time happy in this family, and waited in peace for the inheritance of my parents who were provoked at my foolish escape from *Marfailles*; but my libertine temper came to destroy my happiness.

We lived on the marsh, and there was a laundress of the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine* that

that washed for the family, who never came to the house without being accompanied by a little brunette about fourteen. Notwithstanding the little care which this child took of her charms, my roguish knowing eye soon discovered a lovely countenance, and more especially a certain amorous look, which, in the temper I was of at that time, I could not withstand. For some time I sought to have a little chat with this chick, and our intimacy was pretty far advanced. One day she happened to be in my apartment, helping me to tumble a pair of sheets which she came there in search of, when the mistress of the house entered abruptly, and looked upon this action as a domestic robbery, which she probably regretted more than every other kind of theft which I could have committed.

Thanks to the lady's amorous constitution, I made my peace that very night by making her amends with usury; but the little laundress never appeared again. Love is very obstinate and mischievous, and the more a thing is forbidden us, the stronger is our inclination. The little girl was rivetted in my heart, and my only thoughts were how to find the means of seeing her again, and securing her in
my

my possession. My salary as tutor was very genteel, and with other views my patroness provided most amply for all my wants; I had likewise considerable perquisites, and no opportunity was let slip of making me some present. On New Year's-Day. and every other anniversary, I was sure to get something. With so many resources, I conceived the project of hiring lodgings for Theresa, and I very soon put it in execution.

During a whole month, I quietly enjoyed the sweets of this clandestine union. Madam, could not but be sensible of the void in her pleasures, which was a necessary consequence, but I concealed the cause by feigning indisposition. Far from suspecting any thing, the good lady employed the most delicate care and attention speedily to repair the injury which such precious health had sustained, but at length, fortune was resolved to destroy my happiness. I could not find a retreat for Theresa, but in some house where a rigid inquiry was not to be made, and to which the officers of the police consequently sometimes directed their attention. I went there every day towards the evening on different pretences, which the indulgent credulity of the amorous Madam

. . . ,pre-

..., prevented her from fathoming. The rude officers of the police love dearly to lay hold of an Abbe, and by watching my motions, they surprized me in the arms of my Dulcinea. I resisted, which occasioned some disturbance, and for my pains I had the mortification to be sent to B The mother of my pupil being alarmed, no doubt, at not seeing me return, applied for information to the Lieutenant of the Police, where it was not difficult to find the clew to such adventures as mine. The scandalous circumstances which accompanied this second infidelity, appeared to her unpardonable; she would neither see me, nor afford me her protection.

After fifteen days correction in B—— I was set at liberty. I immediately went to my little Italian Abbe, where I received a most severe and sensible reproof. He was charged with the care of restoring whatever belonged to me, with some louis-d'ors, which the lady's anger did not hinder her gratitude from adding to the fees of ~~my~~ small salary.

All this disgrace did not extinguish my extravagant love. My first care then was to trace my dear Theresa, but I was a great while before I could get any intelligence.

gence. She likewise had been obliged to make a retreat, but as she was young and handsome, one of the administrators took compassion on her, for having paid the usual fee to the holy man, her captivity was soon at an end, when she took care to find shelter for her charms with one of these obliging women who are used to entertain young girls that have unfortunately been forsaken.

Theresa was so young and tempting, in spite of the misfortune that had just happened to her, that Madam G was resolved to set her to rights again, in the hopes of profiting accordingly. Her virginity being restored by a wonderful secret with which the matron was acquainted, she had no difficulty in finding a credulous customer who could pay well. This flower was offered to the Marquis D . . . , who being delighted with his good fortune, very soon exalted his prize to the haughty rank of the first *Laises* * in Paris.

One day when I was taking a walk upon the Boulevard to divert melancholy thoughts, I perceived a face in a magnificent carriage, whose features occasioned such astonishment, as to deprive me of all

* *Lais* was a famous courtesan of Corinth.

my senses. They were no less than those of Theresa. I was resolved at any rate to accost her, and profiting by my meagre, worn out appearance, I drew near to her carriage with my hat in my hand, and in the humble posture of an unhappy suppliant;—my fair Princess, said I, have compassion upon a poor young man out of employment, who has not a penny to carry him home to his own country. Mademoiselle . . . , (for the humble name of Theresa had vanished) with an air of arrogance and incredible presence of mind, dropt a piece of money into my hat, and then turning her head, without any emotion, resumed the conversation with some Petit-Maitres, who eagerly pressed forward to the opposite door of her carriage. Here, with astonishment, I interrupted the recital of my valet-de-chambre. How! was this wretch known to you when I sent you to her? Yes, my Lord, but I had no desire to remind her of my former good fortune; and I durst still less mention it to you for a reason which you shall hear.

I did not know then, obscure as the origin and beginning of a courtesan may be, how rapidly the torrent of prosperity leads to forgetfulness, so that from one day to another they have not the least recollection

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collection of what is past, and suddenly
become as insolent as Theresa. Neither
did I know how useless or dangerous it is
to attempt to undeceive a Petit-Maitre,
who prides himself in the thoughts of
being the first acquaintance of these crea-
tures ; but I learnt it at my cost.

The thirst of vengeance for the insolent
contempt with which I had been treated,
preyed upon my heart, and I was de-
termined to satisfy it. My imagination
was exhausted, in studying the means
of getting into her house ; but having
got into intimacy with the servants of the
Marquis, I was informed that he wanted
a running footman. Being nimble and
well-made, I was resolved to go and of-
fer my services, and I was accordingly
engaged. I waited with great impati-
ence for that moment in which my mas-
ter should employ me on some message to
my false one, and on the very day that I
entered into his service I had that satis-
faction. More swift than an arrow from
a bow, I flew to the place where I expect-
ed to make an ungrateful wretch blush
for her perfidy. Poor fool that I was ! I
did not know that it is as easy to make a
river flow back to its source, as to discon-
cert a courtesan. I wanted to expose her,
but

but she laughed at me ;—I endeavoured to persuade the Marquis who he had for a mistress, and for my pains was treated as a knave and impostor ; after having received a thousand blows, I was sent back, upon her complaint, to the infernal dungeon where I had been transported before for my foolish love.

I passed three whole months there, and during this long confinement I had sufficient leisure for making reflections on my past life. I represented to myself the peaceable satisfactory lot which a prudent behaviour must have secured to me in my father's house, and drew a parallel between it and the wretched mortifying life of a wandering mountebank, without either house or home ; and with the mean treacherous part of a pimp in the band of an Abbe. I represented to myself the vexatious situation I was brought into by those two people, and was resolved, at any rate, to make my peace with my father, the Judge, and like the prodigal son, return to *Riez*, carrying in my hand the staff of the pilgrim.

The very instant I recovered my liberty, I put in execution this laudable project, but when I set out, I did not know the dangers to which a young man is exposed

posed on the high-way. I had no other means to support me on the road but the benevolent charity of people, whom chance might throw in my way. At some distance from Lyons, I accosted a lusty man, who, like myself, was travelling on foot, and whose temper seemed to be frank and chearful. I acquainted him with my situation, and nobody could be more complaisant. He took compassion on a poor unfortunate young man of family, and offered to pay my expences while we should be together. When we were about to part, he said, if you will give me a simple receipt for the money, that your relations may settle with me, I will give you wherewithall to carry you home. I was delighted with the benevolent heart of this worthy man, and I thanked heaven for this fortunate meeting. Having arrived at the inn where we were to sleep that night, my companion ordered the best of every thing in the house, and likewise made me drink plentifully. I was somewhat astonished at the magnificence of the pilgrim, but my youth banished reflection, and I readily gave up to whatever he proposed. Before we parted, he generously lent me ten crowns, for which I signed an obligation, which he
drew

drew up in what manner he pleased, for I did not look at it.

How great was my surprize next morning, when I found myself waked by a serjeant of the regiment of **, who told me that I was lifted, and that I must set out to join the corps at Calais. I immediately recollected how I had been tricked by the treacherous knave, who had cajoled me in the evening, but there was no possibility of protecting myself, and I was obliged to march.

I carried a musket for three years, and at the end of that period, having the happiness to save Sir Charles from a danger which threatened his life, that worthy gentleman purchased my discharge. I went over with him to England, and because of my good behaviour, he placed me about your person. I beg your Lordship's pardon for having let myself be drawn into the same path which I saw you entering, but it did not belong to me to remonstrate, and I have already had the honour to tell you, that in the delirium which then possessed you, you would have taken my advice, in as bad part as did the Marquis who was more undeceived than you would have been, in regard to whores, gamblers, and more particularly

particularly physicians. I shall find no difficulty in resolving to serve you faithfully, and I hope by the testimony which you will be enabled to give of me, added to that of your uncle, Sir Charles, I shall accomplish a reconciliation with my unhappy parents; to whom I have been a cause of so much vexation.

The conclusion of poor Provence's story affected me excessively. How! said I to myself, shall a man, who has been a strolling player, a disguised Abbe, a dissolute rake and mean slave, retain in his heart, the precious seeds of what is good and worthy; while another man, who is placed in an independant rank of life, who, by his useful knowledge, ought to aim at the world's good opinion, prefers a vicious life without compulsion! Is it from nature that we are so perverse? If we were to fix our eyes only upon one part, we should daily see such odious examples as would incline us to that opinion.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Bouillac entered the prison. He told me that my banker would be answerable for all the debts which I had contracted, and that they were endeavouring to prevent my being the dupe of
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the knavish plot which was formed by Mr. Crook and Mademoiselle * *. There is another person likewise suspected of having a hand in it; but after all, that is the least injury which they could have done you. Bouillac, in the next place, spoke in the most delicate manner of the change in my state of health, but it was in vain, for I could not prevail with myself to make any confession upon that subject.

After having drawn up a state of my debts and my wants, and made a compleat arrangement with Mr. G , Bouillac and the Banker carried me back to my apartment in the hotel de P. R.

Ashamed of my conduct and the state of my health, I formed a very strange resolution, and ordered Provence to prepare every thing for our setting out tomorrow for Calais. My Lord, said he, do you really propose going? Yes, replied I, most seriously; the air of this country is poisoned, and I neither have reason nor resolution to shun the contagion.—But, at least, my Lord, you must take time to No, said I hastily, I have nothing to do here, and nothing shall detain me, whereas in England, I must

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must endeavour to recover the esteem of Sir Charles. By the confession of my unpardonable extravagance, I may convince him of my penitence, without which life and health are nothing.

I will positively go, and swear never to set foot in Paris, until some more years over my head, I learn to see and act like a rational being.—I see, my Lord I must obey, and he set to work immediately.

DAY

DAY the FIFTEENTH.

*Wise Reflections upon an imperfect Law.
My Departure.*

PROVENCE had executed my orders; my trunks were packed and fixed upon my carriage, when the Chevalier Bouillac came to wait upon me. In crossing the court he had observed all these preparations. What does all this mean, my Lord, are you going to leave us? Must your real friends suffer for the just indignation with which you have been inspired by the doubtful characters you have met? At least, let me beg of you to be so just as to give yourself time to get acquainted with some others; and I dare say you will respect them.

I answered the Chevalier, by acquainting him with particular reasons which made me anxious to be the first who should give Sir Charles an account of the follies which I had committed; but I took care to mention nothing of any physical obstacle to my

my departure, of which he might have taken the advantage to prevail with me to defer my journey.

I pleaded nothing but moral motives, and Bouillac confirmed them by sage reflections. You will allow, my Lord, said he, that it is a shameful offence to give up a young man so early in life, with all the fire of youth, and susceptible to every impression, intirely to his own management; I am astonished to see so many instances of it, from a nation so understanding as the English. The error is still greater in exciting and providing for his indiscretion, by putting the means of perpetrating such eminent follies in his power, by a law which makes him so soon of age. It is between the age of twenty-one and twenty-five, that so many young Englishmen, by being too soon masters of their fortunes, destroy their healths, and consume their patrimony in France; and in a manner almost always equally ridiculous and scandalous. By deferring that period till the age of twenty-five, what a number of extravagant follies would be prevented! At that time of life, the difference of one *lustrum* makes a very great alteration in our reason. If a
calculation

calculation was to be made of those, who, by being too soon masters of themselves and fortunes, have run to ruin, we would see that it is to that cause alone almost all these misfortunes are to be ascribed. Your Lordship will no doubt make a figure one day in the British senate, and I hope your patriotism will be distinguished, by proposing so useful a law, as shall put a barrier of some more years of maturity between youth and folly.

I was a striking proof of the truth of the Chevalier's ideas, and too well convinced in my own mind, not to reason in the same manner and from my own experience.—People in France may be displeased with me for talking such language, as the bread of a number of the most industrious citizens in this capital depends upon this English Frenzy. More than one œconomist has made a good fortune from the money circulated by them, and I have heard it asserted twenty times, that an Opera girl procures as much by the prodigalities which are lavished upon her by your young noblemen, than by the exportation of a whole manufacture. This manner of bringing British gold into France, makes no part of my system; I

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own to you, my Lord, that I would rather put an end to the *Droit d'Aubaine* *, and then your old men would not be afraid to come and end their days in this country. They would rather prolong their lives, by breathing the pure air of our provinces. I believe, begging pardon of the calculators of the Ladies assemblies, that they would be much greater gainers by prolonging your lives, than by hurrying you in a short time to ruin; however, I hope that with so good a disposition as yours, there will be no occasion for the proposed law to restore you to those friends you leave behind in this country.

The Chevalier Bouillac then told me, it would be proper that I should ask the Count de * * * *, and his friend the Chevalier * *, if they had any commands to England. I followed his advice with the heartiest inclination. He returned with me, and did not leave me till I got into my carriage, when we were sincerely affected at parting.

Provence was by my side, and we passed on as far as St. Dennis, without my having pronounced one word; however, I felt as if I drew my breath more

* The *droit d'aubaine* is a law, by which the property of foreigners, dying in France, becomes escheated.

freely the farther I got from my fatal residence in Paris. The bitterness of shame and repentance, gradually lessened into a more peaceful sentiment the greater the distance I got from the theatre of my follies. In spite of the pains of a disorder which made me blush every instant at the cause, peace returned to my soul, and by the time that the sound of the clocks of Paris was lost in the ambient air, I was almost restored to my original peace of mind.

It was a fine evening, and while we were on the road, I could not help comparing the innocent joyful groups of harvest people whom I saw in the country, to the crowds of idle saucy footmen, and even the corrupted medley of every rank with which Paris is contaminated. Ye useful and respectable people, said I to myself,—What! shall worth, diligence and virtue, sow and cultivate, that insolent and slothful vice may reap and enjoy! However it may be, I would a thousand times prefer your ills in life, and your cottages, to all the deceitful pleasures of sumptuous palaces! Here, at least, you meet with no Doctors;—you are not tricked by a Mademoiselle * * ; there is

neither a Mr. *Rag*, nor a Mr. *Crook*, nor do you carry about with you the stinging recollection of a Mademoiselle * * * *.

While I gave myself up to these reflections, I had already flown to Amiens. The night did not interrupt my journey, and I got to Calais without stopping; but I had no true peace of mind, that is to say without trouble or painful thoughts, till I arrived at Dover.

The reader has seen the chain and series of my weakness and extravagance during a fortnight's residence in Paris; and, however my follies may have been accumulated in so short a time, he should recollect at every moment, the many which my countrymen do not blush daily to commit. He will even find more than one who has left me far behind in the career of vice and folly. May they all make amends for their transgressions by sincere penitence. If I can discover that they relish the instruction which they may find in the confession I have been making, I shall very soon compleat it, by giving a recital of my second tour to Paris; in which I will endeavour to shew, by the contrast of all the indiscretions I have mentioned, the unfulfilled delight of improving
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the mind, and gaining instruction in the society of men of worth and abilities; and that virtue is as pleasant and profitable, as vice is hateful and ridiculous.

F I N I S